The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1915.

Summary of the News

It is stated in Washington that the note from the State Department to the British Government with regard to the blockade declared against Germany has been prepared and will be transmitted this week. No hint as to the nature of the note has, as we write, been divulged. The note to Germany concerning the sinking of the William P. Frye by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich has not yet been dispatched, additional information, it is stated, still being needed to complete the document.

No more definite news regarding the intentions of Italy has been received during the past week. Daily reports of a contradictory nature have been published concerning the territorial concessions that have been offered or refused by Austria, and the promise of success or the established failure of Prince von Bülow's mission in Rome. The impression persists, however, that the negotiations which he has conducted have been unsuccessful, and that, if Italy fails to intervene in the war on the side of the Allies, it will only be because her statesmen see their way clear to obtaining what they desire without the necessity of fighting for it. The issue of the operations in the Dardanelles will unquestionably have a considerable influence in determining the decision of Italy, and the latest "authoritative" rumors tend to postpone the decision until the end of April. Meanwhile military preparations go forward, and cable dispatches from Rome on Monday informed us that a rigid censorship on military news of every description from March 31 to July 30 had been established by royal decree.

Similarly, after the excitement of the past two weeks there have been no further active developments in the Balkan states. According to dispatches received last week, it was the prevailing sentiment of the Athenian newspapers that Greece would only take action on the side of the Powers of the Entente conjointly with Bulgaria. Public opinion in the latter country, despite bitter memories of the second Balkan War, has been on the whole favorable to the Allies, and this sentiment, which was temporarily checked by the losses sustained by the Allied fleet in the Dardanelles, has apparently been revived by the capture of Peremysl—as we are now mercifully bidden to spell the fortress. Sofia has been visited during the past week both by Gen. von der Goltz and by Gen. Pau, as the informal representatives of the Teutonic cause, and that of the Allies, and doubtless the discrepancies in the respective versions of the attack on the Dardanelles told by these two envoys would make an interesting comparison. Meanwhile the prevailing sentiment of Bulgaria was probably well expressed by the Ministerial organ, the *Volia*, which said on March 27, as reported in the London *Morning Post:* "If the Entente Powers believe in the strength of the Bulgarian army, why do they not previously state in concrete form what compensation Bulgaria will obtain on going into action? Every Bulgarian will march where he is led when he knows the reward is guaranteed."

News dispatches from Tiflis and reports to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York during the past week have told of atrocities committed upon Christians of the American and French missions at Urumiah (Persia) by irregular Turkish troops and Kurds. In response to Ambassador Morgenthau's appeal for protection of the missions, the Turkish Government has sent instructions to Urumiah that order must be maintained, has dispatched regular troops to the scene to enforce the instructions, and has denied that any disorders have occurred.

The German submarine blockade of England continues actively but without much appreciable effect upon the commerce of the United Kingdom. The official returns for the week ending March 27 show that three vessels were sunk and one was torpedoed, but reached port, while the total sailings and arrivals numbered 1,450 vessels. The present week, however, opened propitiously for German enterprise, for on Sunday a submarine was successful in sending to the bottom the steamships Aguila and Falaba, the latter a passenger boat bound for the West Coast of Africa, with 160 passengers and a crew of 90 on board. Exact figures are not available as we write, but apparently about half of the passengers and crew of the Falaba were lost, as there was not time to get away the life-boats before the impetuous Teutons torpedoed the vessel. A truly notable achievement, in celebration of which joy in the Wilhelmstrasse will doubtless be unconfined.

In addition to the British vessels sunk last week, a Dutch ship, the Medea, was sent to the bottom, after the crew had been allowed fifteen minutes in which to leave the vessel. The incident has been received with a good deal of disfavor in Holland, and the Government of the Netherlands has made diplomatic representations on the subject to Germany, in addition to the representations already made concerning the seizure of the Dutch steamers Zaanstroom and Batavier V, which were taken by a German submarine into Zeebrugge. These various activities have not been without their price, for on March 25 the British Admiralty announced that it had good reason to believe that the German submarine U-29 had been sunk.

According to cables from Berlin on March 25, Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the Socialist Deputy of the Reichstag, whose strictures on Germany's part in the war have not rendered him popular with those who are at present directing the destinies of the country, has been mustered into the army as a member of the Landsturm, and has been assigned to service in Alsace. It is, perhaps, not an unsafe prediction that, even should Dr. Liebknecht happen to be killed, he will again be, as he has been in the past, a powerful influence in Germany.

Sentence was passed on March 25 on Col. François Desclaux, ex-Paymaster-General of the French army and formerly chief secretary to M. Caillaux, when the latter was Minister of Finance. Col. Desclaux, who was charged with stealing military stores and conveying them to the house of a Madame Bechoff, the wife of a German, was sentenced to seven years' solitary confinement and to military degradation.

A deplorable accident has resulted in the loss, with her crew, of the United States submarine F-4. The submarine was submerged at 9:15 on the morning of March 25, just off the harbor of Honolulu, and failed to rise again to the surface. Efforts to find her with grappling-hooks were unsuccessful for three days, until on the evening of March 28 portions of her superstructure were brought to the surface.

The labor strikes in England, though not serious, and confined to a very small minority of the workers, nevertheless continue to give anxiety to the Government. The Liverpool dockers resumed work on Saturday, but at Birkenhead a week-end strike occurred. From the repeated statements that the closing of all saloons would go far towards solving the difficulty, one gathers the impression that a potent cause of the labor troubles is the insistence of a fraction of the workers on their constitutional right to get drunk on Saturday and Sunday.

Trouble has once more broken out in Albania. Durazzo was bombarded towards the end of last week, and it was stated that 60,000 Albanian rebels were engaged in an assault on the place.

The result of the Japanese general elections held on March 24 was to give the Ministry of M. Okuma a substantial majority, which in the lower house is estimated at between seventy and eighty.

Negotiations between China and Japan appear to be proceeding with less friction than has been represented as occurring by various alarmist reports. Four articles relating to Southern Manchuria, on which we comment elsewhere, were signed at Peking on March 23. The chief points in the American communication addressed to Japan were cabled to Tokio on March 25, and Viscount Chinda, Japanese Ambassador in Washington, was instructed, according to dispatches from Tokio, to explain that Japan's position does not conflict with the American agreement. Two additional demands, relating to a fuller share for Japan in the administration of China's customs and the salt duties, have apparently been presented. These, if they encroach on the prerogatives of any of the Powers now interested in China, would seem principally to concern Great Britain.

The deaths of the week include: Dr. Karl T. von Heigel, March 23; Morgan Robertson, John Wilson, Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, John Albee, March 24; Lady Huggins, Dr. Samuel G. Smith, Duc de Montmorency, March 25; Agostino Carbone, Dr. Oliver Colton Smith, March 27; Col. William Jay, Mgr. J. M. L. Dizien, Bishop of Amiens, George Winthrop Folsom, March 28; J. Foster Crowell, Dr. Charles K. Henderson, March 29.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week

There can be but one opinion among right-minded men in regard to the sinking on Monday of the English steamers Falaba and Aguila, with their passengers, by German submarines. In the light of international law, the act was piracy. In the light of common humanity, it was wickedness such as the history of war will find it difficult to match. When the German Admiralty, in its "war zone order" of February 4, declared that all enemy merchant vessels encountered by German warships in those waters "will be destroyed, even if it may not be possible always to save their crews and passengers," the belief among civilized communities was that the declaration merely embodied an attempt, through terrorism, to frighten English commerce from the seas. Commanders of German submarines, it was strongly felt, would act, when it came to action, like the commander of the U-16, who said to the Berlin correspondent of the New York *World*, in describing his recent capture of a French merchant ship, "I saw two women and children on the deck. Of course, we couldn't torpedo a ship with women and children aboard." But it was also clearly recognized by the outside world that some commander might be found who would be swayed by no such scruples, and that therein lay the mischievousness of the Admiralty's order. That apprehension has been justified by the performance on Monday.

It will be impossible for the German Admiralty and the German Government to escape full responsibility for the incident. To assert, as some apologists have done, that since the passengers of a merchant ship cannot be taken aboard a submarine, they must therefore be destroyed with their vessel, is to use an argument which would equally justify cutting the throats of prisoners and non-combatants on land, because an attacking regiment had no means of looking after them. When the *Staats-Zeitung* says in glorification of the act, that the "howlers and humanity-hypocrites" who cry out at the drowning of the English passengers "must not forget that the loss of life through this marine catastrophe is a trifle compared with the millions of German women and children whom England would like to consign to starvation," it merely shows how far passion blinds individuals to distinctions of right and wrong. England has not reduced Germany's people to famine; Germans in responsible official positions have declared that she cannot do so. And if she were to succeed, under the recognized process of blockade, in cutting off all outside supplies from Germany, she would be doing, on a larger scale, precisely what the Prussian army did in 1871 at the siege of Paris. But argument from international law is all but out of place in treating of such vile acts. It is surely time for the German Government to take some thought of what it means to arouse the abhorrence of the civilized world.

Germany's semi-official reply to Sir Edward Grey's statement that she might have had a European Conference, at her pleasure, and so averted the war, is twofold. The first part points out the difference between conditions last July and those which led to the London Congress to settle the Balkan War. The latter involved all the chief countries of Europe. But the dispute of 1914 between Austria and Servia concerned those nations alone. The very nature of the crisis, however, lay in the fact that the Austro-Servian fire was almost certain to spread over all Europe—as it since has done. It would have been the work of true statesmanship to stamp out the flames before they grew into a conflagration. But to this the German reply is, secondly, that it did not comport with the "dignity" of Germany to ask her ally, Austria, to submit her case against Servia to an international tribunal. Let Burke give the answer:

> They tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible encumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. . . . What dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity is more than ever I could discern.

President Wilson, in his little address to the Methodist Conference in Washington, last Thursday, spoke with quiet confidence of his belief that the attitude of our Government towards the European war has the support of "the great steadfast body of self-possessed Americans." There is abundant evidence that he is justified in so believing. In Congress, for example, there were only sporadic and futile attempts by individuals to bring the President's policy of strict neutrality into discredit. If there had been any substantial dissatisfaction with it in any part of the country, this would have been certain to find expression in Washington. But there was virtual unanimity in both House and Senate in sustaining the President in the course marked out by him. And the various diplomatic representations which he has had occasion to make to Great Britain and to Germany have been very generally approved by his countrymen. Moreover, there are many signs, reported by good observers in various sections, that President Wilson's firm and prudent direction of our relations to the war has brought him no little popularity. Even in vaudeville shows ready applause is won by references to the President who "kept the United States out of war." Such facts may seem low and disgusting to ardent militarists, but they have a significance.

If Lloyds were an American institution, one of the favorite subjects of betting on futures would undoubtedly be found in the question where Col. Roosevelt will stand in the next Presidential campaign. As it is, we have to be content with reports, of varying degrees of probability. From a "trustworthy source" we learn that the Colonel has "recently resumed cordial, almost the old-time affectionate, relations" with some of the conservative Republican leaders. And from "a source entitled to fullest credence" comes the statement that he has recently made this flat-footed declaration: "I will support any candidate for President the Republican National Convention may nominate except Taft." When a less conspicuous Progressive recently told Mr. Taft that he wished to vote for him in 1916, the ex-President remarked that that was enough to make the Progressive party turn in its grave; if the Colonel draws the line as he is here represented as doing, this is doubtless out of regard for the repose of the remains of the Progressive party, and not out of any ill will towards his old friend. But what makes all this class of reports really interesting is that, whether founded on fact or not, they reflect quite accurately a condition of things which there is no denying. The chance of Republican victory, the certainty that the Progressives can cut no big figure in 1916, the dying out of the sudden and nebulous enthusiasms of 1912—all these things point in one direction. And Mr. Roosevelt was never particularly obtuse in reading the immediate signs of the times.

If there is any direction in which American prisons are making a marked advance, it would seem to be in bettering their labor conditions. Even ex-Gov. Cole Blease boasts with justice, in *Case and Comment*, of abolishing a prison-labor hosiery mill

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"which was a sure and rapid breeder of tuberculosis." There is an increasing demand that inmates receive outdoor work. Gov. Hunt, of Arizona, has just asked the Legislature for an addition of several thousand acres to the one hundred and sixty on which the penitentiary is situated. New Jersey, according to a recent summary of Eastern progress in the *Outlook*, has purchased a thousand acres of land on which to replace the State Prison at Trenton. Pennsylvania has acquired five thousand acres for a central institution to supplant her eastern and western penitentiaries. The District of Columbia has placed its new House of Correction on a thousand-acre farm at Occoquan, Va.; Ohio has appointed a commission to procure a site for a farm prison in place of the penitentiary at Columbus, and Indiana has definitely planned a new prison on wide acreage near Michigan City. New York has taken a few steps in the same direction.

The growth of the city's and State's concern to get the immigrant to the farm goes with an awakening of the Department of Labor to the same problem. Secretary Wilson is reminding Uncle Sam that he is in the position of a man who finds a forgotten coin in an old waistcoat, and can apply it without qualms of conscience to an experimental expenditure. The head-tax on immigrants—$4 for each newcomer—has accumulated in the Treasury to the amount of $10,000,000, the original purpose of applying it to the maintenance of the immigrant service having been lost sight of. Why not use the sum in establishing farm communities for immigrants, the money to be returned for fresh use as soon as each is a going concern? "If, after a fair trial, the plan was found to be workable and to offer a solution of the congestion problem, the fund might be increased to any size Congress might think proper." This plan for Federal assistance in giving the newcomer capital, advice, and a general start in life will meet with objection from more than stubborn opponents of the stimulation of immigration. Municipal and private endeavor can furnish select bodies of aliens with land, machinery, and farm supervision without embarking on an enterprise with international bearings and with many dangers in domestic administration; the nation cannot. But Secretary Wilson will probably find it difficult to persuade Uncle Sam that the $10,000,000 he finds in his waistcoat is to be expended in any other spirit than the rest of his funds.

It is not so many years since Chicago's hardest-headed politicians were wringing their hands over what would happen to the city's bank account if street-railway franchises were made a matter of bargaining between the city and the railway owners, instead of between the owners and the Aldermen. But what do the figures show? Last year the city's portion of the earnings of the traction lines amounted to $2,750,000. This sum, added to previous accumulations, makes a total of $16,650,000—and no sign of panicky investors taking their capital elsewhere. As the *Daily News* notes, the mere interest on so large a sum is a material item in its growth. In another year it should reach the twenty-million mark, and that would mean an amount large enough to meet the initial expense of the proposed subway. Nor is the gain all on the side of the city treasury. It is only since their more or less involuntary incorporation in the five-cent zone that certain lines have paid the dividend allowed them by ordinance. The policy of making the city a stockholder in its traction lines seems to be justified.

"Academic." No other term of opprobrium rolls so trippingly from the radical tongue. The college professor, *voilà l'ennemi*—this anæmic person who dislikes the "movies" and the I. W. W. and so impedes the wheels of progress. Arch-enemy of all traditionalism, the radical cannot rid himself of the professor-baiting tradition. Years ago the professor came out of his ivory tower and went in for municipal leagues, industrial commissions, compensation laws and minimum wages, O. Henry, and the play with a "punch," and still he is being damned for an invertebrate academic. In Wisconsin a group of academics, banded together as a University, is being accused of running the State and piling up taxation; and if there is anything that can bring a college professor closer to a practical politician than this gift for increasing the tax-rate, it has yet to be pointed out. Yet they sneer at the professor. A college professor in his study promulgates a theory which radicalism seizes upon as a weapon—Bergson or John Dewey—and still they throw stones at the professor. When will the leaders of revolution discover that the college professor has ceased to be harmless and necessary and has become militant and essential?

When Professor Giddings spoke of German *Kultur*, in its political aspects, as being borrowed from Machiavelli, he must have had in mind the popular use of that name as a synonym for unscrupulousness. The Machiavellian shrewdness, insight, and finesse will hardly apply to the German theorists of militarism, and certainly not to Germany's diplomats. The Kaiser and his people are among the first to recognize that a fine Italian hand or two in the German Embassies at London and Rome would have been very useful. As for the Bernhardis and the Treitschkes, nothing can be further from Machiavelli than the blunt way in which they formulated German needs and aspirations. So much credit is due them. It is not their fault that the outside world discovered them only after the outbreak of the war. Treitschke's books have been there for a generation. Bernhardi has been active for some time. So bluntly have they expounded the gospel of might is right in statecraft that whatever else we accuse them of we cannot call them Machiavellian.

As definite information succeeds rumor in the matter of the negotiations between Peking and Tokio, it becomes plain that Japanese "encroachments" are partly fictitious and partly put forward in the process of bargaining and with no serious intent. The four articles signed at Peking last week have nothing to do with the Yang-tse Valley or with Shantung or with Mongolia, but only with South Manchuria, which since the treaty of Portsmouth has been within the Japanese sphere of influence. Three articles provide that no concession shall be made, financial, economic, or military, to a third Power, without previous consultation with Japan. Undoubtedly this means a strengthening of the Japanese influence in South Manchuria, but at bottom it is an affirmation of the *status quo*. To what extent the agreement militates against the "open door" in Manchuria only experts can show. The fourth article, providing for the transfer of the Chang-chun-Kirin Railway to Japan for ninety-nine years, is a ratification of previous engagements. Chang-chun is the junction point of the Russian and Japanese railways in Manchuria. From Chang-chun to Kirin, for a distance of eighty miles, the Chinese Government has constructed a railway line under an agreement with Japan concluded in 1907. Under this agreement half of the capital was furnished by the Japanese railway interests, and the chief engineer and the treasurer were appointed by the Japanese Government. Outside of South Manchuria the reports from Peking state that the Japanese Government is withdrawing or modifying its claims.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIALISM IN THE WAR AND AFTER.

State Socialism in actual operation has probably never been seen on such a scale as during the present war. Government functions have been extended to cover almost every activity and need of the citizen. We know with what thoroughness this has been done in Germany. Her example has been largely imitated by Austria. In France the thing has been done more quietly, but it has been done. Yet it is in England that the immense enlargement of Government control of industry and commerce and finance has been most striking. Military necessity has forced the English to do in a few months what a hundred years of debating and rule-of-thumb experimenting could hardly have led them to face with anything except fear and trembling. The grasp of the Government has been laid upon manufactures and shipping and even upon labor organizations. Every business which in any way relates itself to the war has, in effect, been taken out of private hands. Only last week the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced the virtual taking over by the Government of several factories; and in others state regulation is assuming the form of limiting the profits of the owners who are producing supplies for the army and navy. All told, it is the nearest approach to the state's absorbing the means of production that the modern world has ever known.

Will it, or anything like, it, persist after the war is over? This is the question which many are asking. Convinced Socialists are declaring that the nations making this great trial of state Socialism will never be content to slip back into the old, chaotic individualism. Some stout opponents of Socialism fear that this may be true. A semi-Socialist, like Mr. Lloyd George, remarked the other day that no man could say that some of the measures adopted by the Government, in this crisis of the war, might not remain as a part of the established practice when the war is ended. No man, in fact, is wise enough to predict exactly what will occur. It is true, doubtless, that there will be lasting effects of these temporary expedients which look like going over to the Socialist theory. But it is certain that the general argument will remain very much what it was before; and also that those are deceived who think that people will in peace submit to personal hardships and business hamperings which they put up with as an inevitable incident of war.

The plain truth is that this whole Government regimentation, in the countries at war, has meant great sacrifices for many classes. We can see this easily in the case of the businesses broken up or put under an iron régime. The interference by the Government must have been galling in the extreme to thousands of manufacturers and tradesmen. But it has brought discomfort and apprehension to the working classes as well. This is an aspect of the matter commonly overlooked. We perceive the baker regulated and the maker of munitions of war put under stringent regulations, but we forget how the laborers are ordered about, how their union rules are, for the time being, disregarded or set aside, and how they are placed, while at their work, under a kind of military espionage and dictation. Is there any reason to suppose that workmen will submit to that kind of thing when peace comes? Some of the stories about Kitchener's stern ways with labor leaders may be invented. It may not be true that he gave one of them fifteen minutes to go away from Woolwich, on pain of being shot. But we may be sure that the working classes would not like a martinet and autocratic control by the state any better than would bankers or captains of industry. Many members of labor unions are, or profess to be, Socialists, but they do not mean by this any such rigid direction applied to *them* as they would see imposed upon capitalists. Yet the two things go together, if we are to have a real state Socialism. The man with tools is to be regulated as minutely as the man with money. And there can be no doubt at all that Kitchener's methods enforced upon British workmen after the war would lead to loud protests and a political revolt. That sort of thing the labor people would never admit to be state Socialism. It would be, to them, only one more oppressive display of the power of the capitalistic state.

It is alleged that Government control will have so demonstrated its superior efficiency that the people will demand its continuance. But as much might be asserted of martial law. It is swift. It brooks no fine-spun technicalities to delay a decision. It does rough justice. But is anybody so credulous as to imagine that a free country would tolerate it in time of peace? And, in fact, the wonderful excellencies of state Socialism, as disclosed during the war, are far from being demonstrated. That it has been accompanied by great waste and extravagance and, in some instances, corruption, is already established. And even when efficient, it has been attended by vast dislocations and by personal suffering. As a necessary measure of war, people bear with all this; but they are sure to make it plain that they do not wish to bear with it a day longer than needful. The old aspirations of the free spirit of the citizen will certainly reassert themselves as soon as peace comes. And then state Socialism will revert to its former position: partly a theory, partly a matter for experiment; with the final decision on the main question put off to the distant future.

AUSTRIAN PROBLEMS.

From the very first month of the war the Hapsburg monarchy has been handled too cavalierly by the war correspondents and the publicists. Every setback to the Hapsburg arms—and they have been frequent—has been supposed to be the preliminary to a break-up of the Teutonic Alliance. Sometimes we had the absurd supposition that Hungary was to sign a separate peace without waiting for Austria. Such predictions have been based on a misconception of the nature of the monarchy and on a misinterpretation of the facts of the war. It was assumed at the beginning that the Hapsburg dominions, because of their conglomerate nature, were bound to fall apart under the first severe shock. Actually, the war has brought the two halves of the monarchy more firmly together by demonstrating to Hungary and to Austria how much they need each other. The Austrian armies, since the battle of Lemberg early in September, have been treated as of little consequence. People have even quoted the lurid phrase of Austria hanging like a corpse about the neck of Germany. That again is an exaggeration. Unquestionably, the Hapsburg armies have proved inferior in leadership and morale to any of the national armies now in the field. But it is absurd to overlook the services which they have rendered to the general cause. It is only necessary to ask what would have happened to East Prussia, Posen, and Silesia if the Austrians had not kept engaged, from the beginning of the war, at least a million Russian troops. That service they can still continue to render to Germany; and it is plain that even if the desire for peace existed at Vienna, the most tremendous influences would be exerted from Berlin to prevent such a step.

But Berlin influences aside, the situation must become much more desperate for the Hapsburgs before Vienna and Budapest can be thinking of a separate peace. We may consider, first, the Austrian half of the mon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archy. The word "half" is not a geographical term. The Hapsburg map cannot be divided by a single line, on one side of which lies Austria and on the other Hungary. Rather, the Austrian lands are like the heavy rind of a fruit to which Hungary is the pulp. From Bukowina and the Rumanian frontier north and west through Galicia, Bohemia, Austria proper, the Adriatic lands, and Bosnia, there sweeps an almost complete Austrian circle. Only in Transylvania does Hungary herself form the frontier. But if we examine this Austrian circumference we find that the great mass of the population is concentrated in three regions. Of Austria's twenty-nine-odd millions, there are nine million people in Galicia, seven million people in Bohemia, and nearly nine million people in the Germanic crown-lands of the west. When, therefore, it is suggested that Austria might save herself from dismemberment by signing a separate peace and surrendering Galicia, one overlooks the fact that it would mean abandoning about one-fourth of Austrian territory and nearly one-third of the population to avert the loss of a much smaller fraction. No one imagines that Bohemia can ever be conquered, guarded as she is from Russia by the heavy bastion of German Silesia. The original Austrian duchies are out of the question. There remain, therefore, the southern crown-lands which Italy and Servia may threaten—the Adriatic coast, Dalmatia, and Bosnia, with a population of about four millions. It is plain that Austria will not be over-hasty in giving up Galicia, with nine millions, to avert the possible loss of less than half that number.

There is really no reason to expect that Hungary will shift for herself. Though Hungary and Austria have quarrelled incessantly, Hungary has always realized the value of the monarchy. Hungarian troops have done the best fighting, and Hungarian statesmen have assumed charge of the policy of the monarchy. Should the war end without serious loss to the Hapsburgs, it would leave Hungary as the predominant partner. Defeat would be as disastrous for the Hungarians as for the Austrians proper. To-day, Austrian Galicia and Bukowina lie as a bulwark for Hungary against Russia. The surrender of Galicia to the Czar would mean that the Russian menace would be at the gateways of the Carpathians. Serious as such a menace would be, it is rendered much more formidable by internal conditions. Of Hungary's twenty millions, less than 55 per cent. are Magyar. It is a solid majority, to be sure, but it has its hands full in dealing with the minor races—its five million Slavs and its three million Rumans. Defeat in the present war would draw a hostile ethnic circle around the ten million Magyars.

If the Hapsburg monarchy is to retire from the contest, it must suffer much heavier losses than it has as yet undergone. To such a pass it could be brought if Italy should take the field, and that is why we must not yet abandon the possibility of an arrangement between Vienna and Rome. If Italy does make war, it will be because she demands a very high price for her neutrality. If Italy is, indeed, bent on having Trieste, Austria will resist. By surrendering her chief port on the Adriatic she would be effacing herself as a maritime Power, and to that she can consent only *in extremis*. Aside from Trieste, she might afford to meet Italian demands, because of the much greater losses which threaten on her eastern frontier. To concentrate against Italy by weakening her defences against Russia would bring no profit in the end, since an increase of Russian pressure would finally make the Hungarian problem acute, and at the same time encourage Italy to accept the Austrian challenge. Unless Vienna is determined to go down fighting, it can make better terms on the Adriatic than along the Carpathians.

ROOT ON GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS.

Both in his speech at Philadelphia to a Republican organization, and in that in New York to a non-partisan audience, Mr. Root called upon the representatives of the great business interests to assert boldly and aggressively their claims to consideration in the councils of government. "All other elements of our population," he said in his New York speech, "have organized and been active in their own behalf"; the agriculturists and the labor men are constantly keeping vigorous watch on Congress; "business alone has seemed to be paralyzed in recent years." Our government, he said in Philadelphia, has been carried on by men who distrust and suspect the men of business, and who give standing to all sorts of calumnies regarding them. "The trouble has been," he declared, "that the business men have taken all these aspersions lying down. Fight to clear the air. Try to make the people understand that business is honest, it is fair, it is just."

Well, the fact is that, organization or no organization, the air has been getting cleared in a remarkable degree. There is, indeed, plenty to be done by business men in the way of campaigns of education; but it is not against an arrogant and triumphant enemy, but against an army in retreat, that Mr. Root's bugle call is sounded. If the business interests have been silent, if they have "taken all these aspersions lying down," it has been chiefly because in the days when they were at the front in our politics and government they furnished so much reason for the aspersions as to make an aggressive defence very hard indeed to undertake. About the only thing to be done was to let the fury of the attack exhaust itself, to strengthen their own position by the correction of those abuses with which they were justly charged, and to let the enemy weaken its resources in public confidence and sympathy by extravagant and senseless accusation and by the mooting of all sorts of crude and mischievous proposals of legislation. This process went on for a number of years; and, while in general more sober counsels prevailed, there has come about the reaction that might naturally have been expected. Take it all in all, the country is just now perhaps more nearly in the middle of the road, as regards all this class of questions, than it had been at any time since Mr. Bryan's first campaign for the Presidency.

"When we elected McKinley in 1896 and 1900," said Mr. Root, "it was the business men of the nation who controlled the election. How great has been the change since then!" This was hardly a happy note to strike. The way in which that election was "controlled" by the "business men"—that is, the way in which it was influenced by certain powerful representatives of business interests—is something that most of us are glad to forget; and not less unpleasing is the remembrance of the way in which the fruits of the victory were utilized by this same element of the business world. The fight against free silver was won, we are fully convinced, by the rallying against it of the intelligence and the sound sentiment of the country; but factors of a quite different kind played all too great a part in the struggle. And when the fight was won, utilization of the victory for the firm establishment of the gold standard was far less prompt and energetic than was the adoption of a tariff which was the most extreme ever known, and whose schedules were notoriously dictated by the interests directly favored by its provisions. And that is not the only way in which the great business interests showed how they felt about politics and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government in the days when they "controlled the election." Monopolistic combinations seemed to think that the Anti-Trust law was not only an absurdity but a nonentity; and there was a perhaps unprecedented growth of those practices in various big business circles which gave to the term "high finance" its currency as a byword throughout the nation. Mr. Root does not wish, any more than the rest of us, for a return of anything of this kind. He was allowing, for the moment, a kindly haze to envelop his memory of the past; what he really wished the business men to do was to assert themselves as they ought, not as so many of them actually did in the halcyon days of McKinley and Dingley and Hanna.

It is natural that Mr. Root, even apart from party predilections, should have his mind fixed rather on the errors and dangers of those who have been girding at business than upon the sins of which business itself has been guilty. Business has now long been on its good behavior; and this not only as to its daily practices, but also as to its dealings with politics and government. Nobody would claim for it anything like perfection; but there has probably never been a time since corporations first began to play a big part in affairs when they depended so little upon improper influences and relied so much upon open appeal to public opinion, as they do at the present time. The "owning" of State Legislatures by railway companies was matter of common knowledge, and passed almost without challenge, half a century ago and more; and control, less direct and far less complete, but still very substantial, was frequently exercised over Congress by corporation interests. There is no doubt that we have made in all this a prodigious advance. On the other hand, the demagogue we have always with us; and so long as he thinks that the public is disposed to respond to or welcome attacks upon the wicked business man, in the name of the downtrodden farmer or laborer, he will use this material abundantly in his trade. Moreover, there are plenty of honest but ill-informed persons, in and out of Congress, who think that nothing is too bad to believe about business, and no remedy too crude to be used as a club to drive it into the path of honesty. Just at this moment, however, the popularity of agitators and reformers of this sort is at a very low ebb; and accordingly Mr. Root's advice comes at a very opportune time. If taken in the spirit in which it was doubtless meant—as incitement to sober educative effort and not to rampant reactionism—it will be of benefit to business and politics alike.

"REGULATING" THE PRESS.

For some time past there has been a distinct trend towards regulation of the American press. One sign of this was the much-needed New York law urged by Gov. Hughes, which compelled the publication of the names of those responsible for the conduct of newspapers, so that aggrieved persons might know whom to address or to sue. The action of Congress in forcing newspapers to print semi-annually their circulation figures and the names of their bondholders and stockholders—a radical regulation due to a Congressional desire to expose the "reactionary forces" alleged to be behind certain newspapers—brought the Federal power into the field. Since then there have been numerous efforts further to regulate the press or to control its advertising—so many as to make it quite time for newspapers everywhere to take serious note of what is going on and to inquire as to the causes of this new development.

A striking example of this desire to regulate the press is afforded by the law just passed by the Alabama Legislature, over the veto of the Governor, which forbids the sale of any newspaper or magazine that contains an advertisement of whiskey, beer, or wine. This, it is true, was not so much aimed at the press as at the liquor dealers, and, since it endeavors to regulate interstate traffic, can hardly be upheld by the courts. If any serious effort should be made to enforce it, Alabama would find its reading matter seriously interfered with. None the less, it is a direct attempt to interfere with the free circulation of the press. In the New Jersey Senate, two bills have been introduced by Senator Rathbun, one bringing the newspapers under the control of the Public Utilities Commission, in that they may thereby be compelled to file schedules of rates with the Board if they accept legal or public advertising, and providing that, where two newspapers are used for public advertising, one must have the largest average net paid circulation. In Maine, a public utilities law has put an end to the special rates heretofore granted by telephone companies for the transmission of news by telephone.

In Utah, the law passed by the Federal Congress in 1895 forbidding the use of the mails to lottery advertisements, and aimed at the Louisiana lottery, has been extended to cover a guessing contest advertised by a clothing store, for printing news of which the Ogden *Standard* was recently fined $100. A number of bills to purify advertising, some holding the newspaper publishing misleading notices responsible, have appeared in various Legislatures, including that of New York. In Indiana, a bill aimed at the news associations, declaring them public utilities and compelling them to furnish news when asked, was primarily a slap at the more than 900 newspapers which form the Associated Press. As usual, there have appeared in various States anti-cartoon bills, and, in Indiana, a bill to make newspapers liable for injury to anybody's reputation—this in the interest of the harassed politicians, and in addition to the existing libel laws. In brief, there is every evidence that the legislator who has been looking for new fields of business to regulate has now turned his attention to the press.

Now the cynical will smile and say: "Serve the newspapers right; it is just punishment for their obvious faults." But the dangers of this tendency were well set forth by Mr. Charles R. Miller, the editor of the New York *Times*, in his statement before the Senate Committee inquiring into the Ship Purchase bill. That was a really outrageous case of a wholly unwarrantable inquiry into the affairs of the *Times*, merely because of its justified opposition to a bad bill. Some one had heard about the *Times* the familiar rumors from which no newspaper is exempt: that it is controlled by Wall Street; that secret business alliances dictate its policy. So Mr. Miller was subpœnaed by the Committee that he might be asked what malign influences compelled him to oppose such useful legislation, and whether it was true that Mr. Ochs and the *Times* were bought by British gold. Mr. Miller wound up his testimony by a bit of scorching truth to the effect that proceedings of this kind, "if continued and adopted as a policy," would reduce the press of the United States "to the level of the press in some of the central European capitals, the press that has been known as a reptile press, that crawls on its belly every day, to the Foreign Office and to the government officials and Ministers, to know what it may say—to receive its orders." He rightly considered the whole proceedings as tending to "repress freedom of utterance and to put newspapers under a sort of duress."

Looking at the whole movement referred to, it is undeniable that the press ought to profit by the many warnings that it must set its house in order if it is really to head

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off hostile legislation. Its sins of omission and commission, the offences of many journals against good taste and even decency, their refusal to respect legitimate privacy, the unbridled attacks of yellow journalists upon public officials—these and many other offences are bound to result in reprisals. The better elements within its ranks ought to lose no time in taking action against the offenders lest the sins of the minority be visited upon the heads of the majority. Otherwise its proper and needed freedom from a hateful and dangerous public supervision and control will be in danger of passing away.

THE SCIENCE OF EFFICIENCY

However opinions may differ as to the proper scope of the methods with which the name of F. W. Taylor is associated, his place as one of the men who have profoundly influenced the history of industrial development is not open to question. In Europe quite as much as in America—probably more so—his name is inseparably attached to that method of directing industrial work which is indicated by the term "scientific management." In France and Germany it is customary to speak of it as the Taylor system. But both in regard to the praise awarded to him as a creative innovator and in regard to the fault found with the thing to which his name is attached, one difficulty thrusts itself forward at the very outset. What is this system? What is the idea underlying it, or what the particular apparatus by which the idea is carried out?

The question is far from easy to answer. In the case of many of the greatest discoveries or inventions, the matter can be put in a word; and the only ground for controversy, as between one claimant to the honor and another, relates to the question of priority. The story of Columbus's egg is exactly apposite to the discovery of America; and there are other cases, of greater or less importance, where everything turned on some extremely simple, but bold, act of the mind. Penny postage is one of the most striking examples of this kind of open sesame. But with Taylor and scientific management, precisely the opposite is the case. Scientific management is as old as civilization, in one sense; and in a sense more nearly approaching that of the Taylor system, it has been familiar in thousands of modern industrial establishments. And yet Mr. Taylor's work was stamped with the highest originality. His system cannot be stated in a word; and indeed it is only through a study of its specific applications that it can be really understood. Even the ideas underlying it are not easily stated; but in the main it may perhaps be said there were two. First, that every process of industry, however simple, may be subjected to scientific study with a view to determining in precisely what way it can best be performed, having regard both to maximum output and to minimum fatigue; and secondly, that an organization of the industry as a whole, based on the result of this scientific study, can be so effected as to give the workman a natural reward for any surplus efficiency he may exhibit, and at the same time to inure to the profit of the capitalist.

The minute and patient research of the scientific engineer has been a vital part of the success which has attended Mr. Taylor's efforts. His most remarkable technical achievement related to the art of cutting metals, and was the result of twenty-six years of systematic experimentation. We mention this, not as a sample of "scientific management," but because it is calculated to remove a misapprehension. The essence of the method of scientific management does not consist in keeping closer tab on men's work than is done in any ordinary establishment; it consists in finding out how that work can best be done and how much of it can be done by an average worker without over-fatigue, and then instructing the workers accordingly. There is nothing in this which ought to promote "speeding-up" tendencies in any degree; as a matter of fact, we do not believe that it has so resulted in practice. And even without the experience that has so abundantly proved its capabilities, it is evident that there must be innumerable directions in which the application of these ideas is capable of greatly increasing the output of a given amount of labor, and at the same time giving the workmen a just and logical share in the increase.

An outstanding feature of the history of "scientific management" has been the opposition of the trades-unions. It may be admitted that there are some sound reasons for misgiving as to the ultimate effect of a general adoption of the method. Erect a matter like this into a dogma, and you may easily be led into subservience to that dogma where experience shows its application to be injurious. There may be—doubtless there are—cases where the saving of labor by absolute uniformity is gained at the cost of a kind of fatigue other than muscular, but in the long run more injurious. But such is not the basis of the trades-unions' opposition. Their attitude is determined, whether avowedly or not, in the main by that objection to high productiveness as such which has characterized so much of trades-union history. The fallacy that to "make work" is to benefit the working class is deeply rooted in the labor-union mind; and no wonder, for in spite of all the teachings of the economists it still has a strong hold in the community generally. Accordingly, they forced through Congress the abolition of the scientific-management method in the Government's arsenals and navy yards, although its advantage had there been thoroughly demonstrated.

Of the grotesque misapplication of the scientific-management idea to universities and colleges we have more than once had occasion to express our opinion in the past. But when one has in mind the real nature of Mr. Taylor's work, one can but be struck with the fact that in this foolish move the offence against the university idea is hardly greater than the offence against the Taylor idea. The very essence of the Taylor idea is to probe to its depths the thing under consideration; to study it from every side, to find in the simplest operation unsuspected elements. But our mechanical probers of universities have done precisely the opposite; what has always been the subject of serious and at least in some degree competent thought is suddenly discovered to be capable of complete measurement and estimation through the simple process of totting up figures of hours and pages and the like. What these university efficiency "experts" have been doing reminds one of children playing with a machine that they don't understand.

Chronicle of the War

In numbers of prisoners taken, if Russian accounts are to be credited, the capture of Peremysl was an even more important achievement than was at first supposed. Those who surrendered are estimated by the Russian reports at some 120,000 men, and one gathers that not all of the guns and supplies of ammunition in the fortress were destroyed before its surrender. If the Russian figures of prisoners taken are correct, the besieging force must have been greater than had been supposed—certainly not less than 150,000 men, and more probably nearer 200,000.

The double effect of the relief of the Russian armies in the Carpathians from the ever-present menace in their rear and of the release of the investing army and its artillery for service at the front has been immediately felt in a renewal of the Russian offensive in the Carpathians. Beginning with the defeat of the Austrian column on the San, which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was striving desperately to relieve Peremysl, the Russians pressed forward on a front covering the Dukla, Lupkow, and Uzsok passes. Gaining the Dukla pass, they have established their right at Bartfeld, well across the border into Hungary; the command of the Lupkow pass was won in the middle of last week, and, as we write, a desperate struggle is in progress for Uzsok, the most easterly of the three passes. On the operations here the success or failure of the Russian offensive in Hungary will depend. So long as this position is held by the Austrians, Russian advance into the plains of Hungary is barred, and if the Austrian offensive in Bukowina can be pressed, it will threaten the left flank of the Russian position and may compel the withdrawal of their right from the Bartfeld-Lupkow front. Conversely, the command of the Uzsok pass by the Russians would inevitably compel the Austrians to evacuate Bukowina and straighten their line for the defence of Hungary and Budapest.

It is a safe supposition that German reserves from Poland are being hastened to the relief of the hard-pressed Austrians by way of Cracow and the railway through Neu-Sandec. This would be a sufficient explanation of the slackening of German operations in northern Poland, where we hear that the pressure on Ossowiec, the furthest point of the German advance, has been sensibly relaxed. On the other hand, to forestall this diversion of troops to the Carpathian front we should expect to find the Russians undertaking a vigorous offensive in Poland, and again threatening East Prussia. Such an offensive may be under way, although not recorded in the official reports, but it is equally possible that the coming of spring and the flooding of the country has virtually brought operations in this region to a standstill. One significant feature may be noticed of Russian reports concerning the fighting that has recently taken place in this area: that is, the number of German prisoners who have been taken. Hitherto the proportion of German troops who have surrendered has been small as compared with the other combatants. Recently the Russian reports have daily recorded the capture of German prisoners in numbers running up to the thousands, and the inference is that the troops now employed by Field-Marshal von Hindenburg in the north are of an inferior quality.

In the Dardanelles no further general attack has been undertaken since the operations of March 18, and probably none is to be expected until the invading army is ready to attack the forts in the rear in coöperation with the fleet. Meanwhile the Russian fleet, having apparently established its command of the Black Sea, has commenced the bombardment of the forts on the Bosphorus. Reconnaissance by British aeroplanes and destroyers has established the fact, according to reports from Allied sources, that the bombardment of March 18 inflicted considerable damage on the forts guarding the Narrows, and it is asserted that the result of the bombardment has been to show the superiority of the guns of the fleet over the forts, the only serious difficulty in the way of forcing the straits being that presented by mines. Operations recently have been confined to mine-sweeping and to bombardment from a long range, the latter presumably intended principally to prevent the repair of defences already damaged.

Foreign Correspondence

A WAR OF IDEAS—AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL — TREATMENT OF GERMAN PRISONERS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, March 19.

From one point of view this seems the time of all others to refrain from generalizing. The changes that have taken place have been so rapid, so continuous, and so chaotic; the regrouping of our ideas, of our activities, of our associates, even, has been so radical and so unexpected, that we can hardly realize our identity with the selves of yesteryear, that we feel like newly created embryos in a world still wholly strange and inexplicable. Our accumulated experience has fallen from us like an outworn garment; and we have to face the new conditions with something of the naïveté of a child. And yet, amid all this welter of incongruity, the generalizing impulse insists on working, willy-nilly. Thus it is more and more borne in upon us that this great war is not a war of peoples, but a war of ideas and spiritual conceptions—not a *Völkerkrieg,* but an *Ideenkrieg.* The highest organization of all the brute machinery of war, the perfection of the material instruments of war, has led to an Armageddon of ideas rather than of mere physical weapon-bearers. It seems as if each country had been living under the shadow of its own idea, which, at first vague and formless, has gradually achieved coherence and force until it has, as it were, become flesh and dwelt among men, gripping, obsessing, inoculating them, until they were ready to die for it, to halt at no sacrifice, to go forward blindly in its service. It is evident that both sides are fighting for ideals; that the Germans, no less than the Allies, are struggling for something they believe to be of supreme value to humanity as a whole. The logical French mind has, perhaps, seen this more clearly than we have; when French patriotic writers speak of "hating" or "crushing" the enemy, they make haste to add that it is an idea that is to be hated, and that the crushing of this idea will put an end to the slaughter of men.

How the two conflicting ideals are to be defined or described is a question to which the full answer is gradually being formulated with each step or stage in the struggle. To us in Britain it seems (putting it very roughly) to be the struggle of individual freedom, of each man's right to the initiative in the control of his own life, of trust in evolution on the one side, against (on the other) what can be at best only a magnificent and benevolent despotism, the establishment of a foregone conclusion, of an inelastic *parti-pris,* of a rigid and overrated efficiency. One of the saddest features of the situation is the barrier between the minds of the antagonists, the absolute inability to communicate with each other. To think of our most loved and most respected German friends is to remember that they are possessed by an idea in diametrical opposition to our own, that they would be unable to see the strength of our position, that they could not understand how we can possibly judge Germany as we are judging it. We can only wait in a kind of despairing resignation for a better day, when words between us and the Germans will be more than empty vocables, when they may again be used to express a point of view that cannot now be understood. No doubt the *Weltgeist,* urging men on to fight, has an end larger and fuller than any of us can now conceive; but we trust that truth will prevail. If we may take this country as a criterion, the optimists have no reason to despair of a more humane, a less selfish civilization as the probable outcome of the success of the Allies. No real profit to any one can come from this war unless it leads to disarmament; and it is hard to see how this can be brought about except by the defeat of Germany. The searchlight, moreover, is playing on neutral countries as well as on belligerents; and America, too, will have to undergo a process of disintegration and recreation, though, it is to be hoped, without wading through such a sea of carnage as has overwhelmed less happy Europe.

A fairly intimate intercourse with Germans, extending over a full third of a century, has left me pretty well convinced that the vulnerable point of their intellectual equipment is a curious inability to recognize the limits of their knowledge. They cross the frontier between accurate information and profound ignorance in as casual a manner as they entered Belgium; and they are equally amazed that any criticism of their action is considered reasonable. If to know what you don't know is as important as to know what you do know, the Germans here (as in Greek) are "sadly to seek." It is really hardly an exaggeration to say that many a young German who has taken his Ph.D. in Anglo-Saxon at the University of Göttingen feels that he is, *therefore,* at home in all the niceties of the English language and quite competent to correct the style of the most revered contributor to the *Nation.* It is easy to use this clue in reference to the diplomatic and other mistakes Germans have made in connection with the present war. They were convinced, for instance, that they fully understood the psychology of both Briton and American, and, buttressed by this pseudo-knowledge, they have done many things that had been much better left undone. The German may actually know more than his competitors, but this superior knowledge is often stultified by a confident reliance on it that only omniscience could justify. In scores of cases in my own experience I have been electrified by suddenly coming on this weak joint in the harness of a man the marvellous accuracy and extent of whose knowledge I had just been humbly admiring. The Frenchman or the Russian may be much less fully acquainted with British affairs than the Teuton; but he realizes his ignorance and does not act on it as if it were knowledge. It is not exactly a case of fools rushing in where angels fear to tread; but it is a case of a little learning being a dangerous thing. The man the limit of whose strength is five and who knows it is often more effective than the man whose strength is as the strength of ten, and who thinks it is as the strength of twenty.

One of the most distinctly successful of all the new hospitals under the Red Cross Society is the American Women's War Hospital, at Paignton, South Devon, opened on September 27, 1914. Its success is shown not alone in the comfort and completeness of its equipment, but in the results of its treatment (*e. g.,* one death among 592 patients). The hospital occupies Oldway House, a large country mansion, generously placed at its disposal by Mr. Paris Singer, a member of a family whose industrial fame is as great

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in England as in his native country. The medical staff, under Chief Surgeon Dr. Howard W. Beal, is composed entirely of Americans; the nurses are partly American and partly English. The expenses are defrayed by American offerings, and so far these have been so liberal that it has been found possible to refuse all other gifts. One great feature of the hospital, which should appeal to the democratic heart of the United States, is that no officers are admitted as patients; its comforts and its luxuries, in which no other hospital is its superior, are reserved for soldiers in the ranks. The hospital is not supposed to have anything to do with the naval service; and one fortunate (or unfortunate) sailor, who was admitted by some oversight, became such a pet of staff, nurses, and fellow-patients, that he ran a strong chance of being uncommonly spoiled. The American nurses give an extraordinarily good account of their British patients, one of them telling me that she considered it a high privilege to know and to serve them.

For a few days it seemed as if the democratic character of this American hospital was to stand in striking contrast with the somewhat undue attention paid to rank in an institution under British control. Questions in the House of Commons and paragraphs in the daily papers prepared us all to believe that Donington Hall, in Leicestershire, once the residence of the Marquis of Hastings, was being fitted up with unnecessary sumptuousness for German officers now captive in England. It soon transpired, however, that the general scale of equipment was that laid down for sergeants' messes, that the baths provided were at the rate of one for every fifty officers, and that the floor space in the bedrooms was rather less than that allowed per man in a barrack room in peace time. A little reflection convinced all but the extreme malcontents that, wherever Donington Hall may rank among the stately homes of England, it can scarcely be large enough to afford very luxurious quarters for 400 prisoners. The fact, however, remains that its furnishing and fitting cost £13,000, or something over £30 per prisoner, so that we are, at any rate, proof against the reproach of doing it "on the cheap."

Another party of German prisoners is certainly not being treated quite so well. The announcement of Mr. Churchill, that the Board of Admiralty does not mean to extend to the officers and men of the destroyed German submarines the same honorable treatment that has been accorded to other German naval prisoners, has met with instant and practically unanimous approval. This action is not felt to be in any way vindictive; but it is felt that, unless we are to fling to the winds all the alleviating practices hitherto observed by civilized belligerents, it is impossible not to make a distinction between the captain of the Emden and those of his brother officers who have been sinking unarmed merchantmen without notice, and firing torpedoes at ships carrying non-combatants, neutrals, and women. No doubt this may lead to cases of individual hardship, as it is not easy to bring home particular crimes to any particular submarine, and, moreover, it is remembered that some of these officers may have acted, under orders of their superiors, very much against the grain. To one's ordinary common-sense, however, it seems to strike the happy mean between Sir Henry Stephen's dictum, that the submarines are (probably) not doing anything contrary to English law, and the views of another gentleman, who suggests that the best way to deal with them is indicated by Clough's version of the sixth commandment:

> Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
> Officiously to keep alive.

While we are thus resigned to a relatively harsh treatment of prisoners whom we believe to have transgressed the laws of honorable warfare, some of us are almost pathetically anxious to pay honor to those of our enemies to whom honor seems justly due. It has been seriously proposed, in the House of Commons, that we should make ourselves responsible for the family of a German officer who was killed by a chance shot while bringing water to a wounded Briton; and there is no question that it would have taken very little encouragement for the British mob to make a popular hero of Capt. von Müller.

France After the War

By STODDARD DEWEY.

[This is the last of four articles on contemporary France which Mr. Dewey has contributed to the *Nation*. The previous numbers of the series appeared in the issues of February 11, March 4, and March 18, respectively.]

PARIS, February 17.

Six months have been enough to show the grooves of change down which war is whirling France. In either case of victory or defeat, these will remain the same. It would be foolish to prophesy this or that political or religious change; but certain general movements are already plain to be seen. Not all the resultant lines of peace from this desperate composition of war forces regard neutrals directly. France and the French people must first exist for themselves.

It is the youth and prime of France that have been shaken up in the armies, and will come out of them changed. Their old managers—politicians and *intellectuels*—can never have the same control as before. Even as it was, foreigners paid far too much attention to them.

This does not mean that any revolution, of which foreigners always dream in connection with France, is likely to happen. As to any restoration of monarchy, which was not impossible after 1870, there is now no possible candidate. Grading possibility, the Bonaparte baby should have the best chance—since he, at least, has negative qualities like his age. Another Commune is likewise improbable, for its elements seem wanting. Yet change, political and social and very likely religious, is bound to come over the French Republic.

The uncomfortable working of the Republic in France has been notoriously due to one thing: Its present vague and ill-defined Constitution allows of a manipulation of universal suffrage that throws all legislative and governing power, with much judicial control, into the hands of a few. These few—veritable oligarchs—are the members of the Parliamentary majority for the time being, or, more exactly, of the majority in the Chamber of Deputies. The power of majorities in American Legislatures and the Congress and in the English House of Commons never had anything comparable to the absolute government of France by some six hundred Deputies. Their power has been perpetuated by two other facts, whose co-existence is also without example elsewhere. Each Deputy is elected, not on a ticket with others of his party as in America, but alone and by voters of his own sole constituency, of which he thus becomes in practical politics a little king. Then his election seats him safely for four years without danger from dissolution of Parliament when he upsets a Government, as would happen in England. American checks and counter-checks—independent Executive and Supreme Court—are also wanting.

It would seem that elective Absolutism could go no further. Whatever restraint there may have been was only, and could be only, from the limits of popular patience. "Look to your constituencies!" was the fundamental warning of Gambetta, who was largely responsible for this "Parliamentary omnipotence," as he liked to call it. It is this which has given so inordinate and irregular a power to the French press.

In other words, the only counterpoise to the absolute power of a Parliamentary majority has so far been unorganized and irresponsible. There has been no party government, but government by groups of Deputies irresponsibly coalescing and dissolving. Sometimes this has been, as before the present war, along lines of religious dissension when foreign politics should have commanded attention; at other times in wasteful social schemes, while Germany was "mobilizing" her finances for war; and at all times it has been for electioneering. If France as a nation is to be strong after the war as she has been weak before the war, the line of change must cut through this field of practical politics. Is this possible or likely?

During the war, political dissensions have ceased among those actively engaged. The Syndicalist stands in the trenches with the factory owner, the Apache with the priest. Members of the religious orders which had been legislated out of France have come back to take their places in the fighting ranks—and politicians have asked no questions. Can this union for national defence resist the dissolving influence of popular elections as they are carried on in time of peace? If not, then the vital energies of France will again be frittered away in unfruitful politics. It may be urged that essential France has managed to survive until now and to face aggression as one man; and that, while political leaders who have not fought may go back to their old tricks, the electors who have been fighting together will not follow them so easily, nor suddenly divide against each other. And since their fighting has been hard labor with constant personal effort, they will not so easily sink back to political inaction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time will tell whether this spontaneous movement of union as a result of war will hold out against political organizations that outlive the war. But certainly it will retard the political grind—and this will already be a change in France. In labor and industry and commerce, in education and art and religion, the movement is likely to be more effective still—and always in the sense of national union.

Before the war, automobilism and aviation and organized athletics had already enlisted a popular activity which surprised foreigners. The triumph of Germanism in the university will find difficulties among a generation fresh from war and clamoring that their race be prepared for national work and not for international hobbies. The irresponsible art, which was half-foreign and wholly subsidized by foreign patronage of Cubists and the rest, has faded away before stern realities. As to religion, the foreign idea that Frenchmen leave it to women during life and call for the priest at the hour of death long ago lost any truth it may ever have had. The general easy indifference, which was real, has no doubt been shaken among those who are risking their lives. This may later crystallize in practical life that somewhat nebulous Christian revival which was much in literature before the war—the more easily since it, too, fits in with the nationalism bound to prevail.

As to the internationalism of Socialists and pacifists, the first whiff of cannon smoke sufficed to blow it away. Jaurès lived long enough to read telegrams from the foreign Socialists on whom he had most relied to prevent war, notifying him that they would cast in their lot with their own people and nation. If peace ever settles this war, and does not merely give a breathing spell until worse war begins over again, it must be along this line of nationalities. Within such limits there is sure to be a spread of very genuine Socialism, that is, peoples as nations evolving as one society. "L'Internationale" may still be sung for brotherhood of labor's sake—though hardly with its present form of anti-militarism—just as the "Our Father" is murmured by Christians of the different nations now shooting each other down. Thus the whirligig of time brings in the revenges of Napoleon III, the adventurer who made himself Emperor, who boasted that he was a Socialist and did much to prove himself so—and who imposed on unwilling Europe this principle of nationalities which seems to have become the condition of peace and civilization. In any case, internationalism is dead—for a time.

A more poignant but less doubtful question arises as to the relations of France with Germany after the war. There is but one answer possible, and philanthropists must make the best of it. Whatever may be the terms which France will have to accept or which will be imposed on Germany, all human relations of Frenchmen with Germans have ceased indefinitely. This is not the result of any deliberate determination, which would soon wear out, nor of the heritage of hate which this war cannot help leaving behind it. It is the operation of a law of human nature working spontaneously, because it is human, but also naturally and as necessarily as any physical laws of attraction and repulsion. This no treaties nor capitulations nor armed force can overcome. It is one of those mighty "imponderables"—human and moral—which Germany would have done well to foresee before so rashly engaging in war, if indeed triumphant militarism that knows only its war machine had been capable of understanding that which is human.

As late as 1890, when the generation of the other war was already passing, managers of Paris cafés were still nervous about their customers conversing aloud in German. Yet Germans, by the time this new war flamed out, had managed to filter into business throughout France. The sequestration list of German and Austrian houses which have been closed in Paris alone, from the beginning of war to the New Year, comprised over 6,000 names; and of these more than 4,000 were for separate business affairs. It was the same all through France, and the list is still lengthening. At the annual Salons, Germans had begun insisting noisily on their art. In music, they had created a Wagnerian Reign of Terror. Their plays, and even their literature, were spreading; and German governesses were frequent in French families. Their business men organized Paris fashion houses and bought up coal mines and occupied seaports—and even became furnishers of the French army. Meanwhile, they were filling the universe with their clamorous demands for the French colonies.

All this peaceful and very real penetration they have abandoned for the hazards of war. Victors or vanquished, they can expect but one mental and social attitude from the French as a people. The shadow of the German death is too dark over the threshold of every French family; and every French consciousness, erroneously or not, is filled with too keen a sense of intolerable wrong for human intercourse until Time the Healer has passed.

Another question may exercise many foreigners who hitherto have made up their minds about the French on the strength of labels. Will the French spirit thus changed by war enter on a long term of militarism? Now, militarism is to national defence what pacifism is to righteous peace. It is difficult to recognize in France since 1870 even the germs of that militarism which now threatens our civilization. A military power, independent of the civil power and of the people, organizing its machinery of conquest and levying an ever increasing toll of money and lives, ignoring international laws and treaties, and ignorant of moral consequences, has not existed in France. The Dreyfus Affair, begun in a blunder, perpetuated by *esprit de corps* and exasperated by anti-Semitism, and fed by the hatreds of revolution and reaction equally intolerant of liberty, failed to show anything of the kind. Why should it arise now?

Book Notes and Byways

A NEGLECTED CENTENARY.

CHARLES READE AND THE EXPERIMENTAL NOVEL.

By O. J. CAMPBELL, JR.

The centenary of Charles Reade (born June 8, 1814) passed almost unnoticed. To Reade, the enthusiastic economist of his own work, this neglect would have seemed incredible. To almost no one now will it be at all surprising. That he was born fully a hundred years ago, the few who still read his works will easily believe. His dramas are long since forgotten, and his novels appear utterly old-fashioned. No authors of the mid-Victorian age seem so remote to us as the popular minor novelists of that time. English fiction has lost most of its artistic innocence since that day. To our modern sophisticated taste, authors like Reade, who betray all the naïve peculiarities of the mid-Victorian manner, without displaying those eternal types of human character which insure immortality to Dickens, seem, when not utterly tiresome, merely quaint. Yet Charles Reade holds a position in the history of English fiction the importance of which we are only beginning to realize, and he wrote at least one immortal story.

Contemporary opinion of Charles Reade is not unlike that expressed by Oscar Wilde in "The Decay of Lying." "I do not know anything sadder," he wrote, "in the whole history of literature than the artistic career of Charles Reade. He wrote one beautiful book, 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' a book as much above 'Romola' as 'Romola' is above 'Daniel Deronda,' and wasted the rest of his life in a foolish attempt to be modern, to draw public attention to the state of our convict prisons and the management of our private lunatic asylums. . . . Charles Reade, an artist, a scholar, a man with a true sense of beauty, raging and roaring over the abuses of contemporary life, like a common pamphleteer or a sensational journalist, is really a sight for the angels to weep over."

One need not sympathize with Wilde's paradoxical æstheticism to agree with the spirit of this comment. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is so surely Reade's best novel that much of his impassioned social protest seems an exasperating waste of genius. We would gladly give all of his sociological zeal for one more romance—for one more Gerard of Tergou. Yet it is precisely Reade's "foolish attempt to be modern" that gives his work a unique historical interest.

I.

In spirit Reade belongs to the group of novelists who, under the pressure of widespread social distress, led a sentimental protest against the economic superstition of *laissez-faire*. Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Dickens all belong to this positive reaction. In temper, Reade most resembled Kingsley. They were both humanitarians of a strenuous sort. The work of both was an exposition of muscular Christianity. Once launched upon the depiction of some social abuse, like the mismanagement of prisons or of lunatic asylums, Reade became inspired

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the blind ardor of a crusader. He swung a bludgeon in splendid scorn of the meticulous niceties of literary art. What he said of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" might be applied with equal truth to novels like "It Is Never too Late to Mend," "Griffith Gaunt," or "Hard Cash." "It is written," he said enthusiastically, "in many places with art; in all with red ink and biceps muscle."

With this journalistic strenuosity, this belief in writing novels in colored headlines, Reade combined a simple-minded evangelical Christianity which was characteristically mid-Victorian. Peg Woffington, scintillating actress and irresistible charmer, for the edification of the reader becomes a saint and an angel of charity. At the close of the book she is shown to us with "the Bible in her hand, the Cross in her heart," ready for her transfiguration. "Christie Johnstone," in spite of the bluff charm of the heroine, is in effect a tract on benevolence; and the final achievement of Christie is to make a good apostolic Christian of her husband. She teaches him "to search for the highest and greatest truths, in a book written for men's souls, by the Author of the world, the sea, the stars, the sun, the soul." A similar piety permeates nearly every one of his novels.

This union of energetic righteousness and evangelical Christianity had some curious artistic effects. Reade's moral end was so clearly of first importance that he regarded everything which delayed him in arriving at that goal with scant patience. One of these barriers was the careful exposition of character. Reade would doubtless have branded as a "canting dunce" any one who bothered about the niceties of character-drawing in works conceived and executed in his spirit of energetic righteousness. The main thing was to get his characters to take their parts as quickly as possible in his highly moral fable. His sketches, he realizes, if they are to be brief, must be pointed. Reade's work is, therefore, literally filled with infelicitous attempts to make his phrasing memorable. In describing Crawley, the mean villain, in "It Is Never too Late to Mend," he says, "In this life he was an infinitesimal attorney; previously, unless Pythagoras was a goose, he had been a polecat." One of the heroines of "Griffith Gaunt" he fixes in our minds as follows: "Once there was an Israelite without guile, though you and I never saw him; and once there was a Saxon without bile, and her name was Mercy Vint." Such ridiculous phrases occur often enough to establish the character of Reade's style; and they are clearly one result of his hustling morality.

II.

Reade's spirit and ideas are thus distinctively of his own time. It is his method of work that was completely different from that of his English contemporaries. He believed himself rigorously scientific. All his facts, at least those concerning the conditions surrounding his characters, were established by laboriously careful processes of induction. These scientific predispositions determined his cumbersome but picturesque methods of composition. He describes his own manner of work in "A Terrible Temptation." The author's studio which is described in the following extract is clearly his own. "There was a prosaic corner," he wrote, "to shock those who fancy that fiction is the spontaneous overflow of a poetic fountain fed by nature only. Between the fireplace and the window, and within a foot or two of the wall, stood a gigantic writing-table, with signs of hard labor on it and of severe system: three plated buckets, each containing three pints full of letters to be answered, other letters to be pasted into various books and classified; five things like bankers' bill-books, into whose several compartments manuscript notes and newspaper cuttings were thrown, as a preliminary toward classification in books. Underneath the table was a formidable array of note-books, standing upright and labelled on their backs. There were about twenty large folios of classified facts, ideas, and pictures. There was a collection of solid quartos, and of smaller folio guard-books, called indexes. There was *Index rerum et journalium, Index rerum et librorum, Index rerum et hominum,* and a lot more; indeed, so many that, by way of climax, there was a fat folio ledger entitled Index ad Indices. By the side of the table were six or seven thick pasteboard cards, each about the size of a large portfolio, and on these the author's notes and extracts were collected from all his repertories into something like a focus for a present purpose. He was writing a novel based on facts; facts, incidents, living dialogue, pictures, reflections, situations, were all on these cards to choose from, and arranged in headed columns."

These were the materials out of which his work was composed. Without these scientifically collected facts to serve as a foundation, Reade would have felt that his structures of fiction were castles in the air. Filled as his books were with the stuff of actual life, he believed their sound and fury signified much. It was in the daily newspapers that he generally found the material thus elaborately and laboriously collected and catalogued; and he did not question the trustworthiness of his source. He returns thanks to the *Times* for the part it has played in the composition of his novels: "For eighteen years the journal you so ably conduct has been my preceptor and the main source of my works; at all events, of the most approved. A noble passage in the *Times* of September 7 or 8, 1853, touched my heart, inflamed my imagination, and was the germ of my first important work, 'It Is Never too Late to Mend.' Some years later you put forth an able and eloquent leader on private asylums, and detailed sufferings there inflicted on persons known to you. This took root in me, and brought forth fruit in the second volume of 'Hard Cash.'"

But Reade was too strenuous a man and too earnest a believer in truth to clip all his information from news sheets. He became his own reporter. "I will work hard at my tale of 'Gold' ('Never too Late to Mend'), whether under that title or another. I will hunt up two men who have lived in Australia. From them I will get real, warm facts. I will visit all the London prisons, and get the truth from them for the Robinson business. . . . George Fielding is going in a ship to Australia. I know next to nothing about a ship, but my brother Bill is a sailor. I have commissioned him to describe, as he would to an intelligent child, a ship sailing with the wind in her beam—then a lull—a change of wind to dead aft—etc. . . . One of my characters is a Jew—an Oriental Jew. . . . This entails the reading of at least eight considerable volumes; but these eight volumes will make my Jew a Truth, please God, instead of a Lie." Unfortunately for Reade, industry, even of this intellectual sort, cannot of itself create human character.

His information has a disconcerting way of staring hollowly at the reader from the gaps in the story which it is supposed to bridge. His first interest is clearly in his materials; his characters are invented to make us believe that his facts have unity and continuity. In "It Is Never too Late to Mend," for example, Reade attempts to fuse the facts which he had collected on two different sets of card catalogues—those recording experiences in English prisons, and those describing life in Australia. But the characters that he creates and the fable that he invents are totally inadequate for this fusion. The story remains utterly ununified and the characters stagey. From one point of view, Reade was not sufficiently scientific. He did not make his stories in any sense experimental novels. As soon as he sets his characters to acting in the material he has collected by careful processes of induction, he loses completely the scientific spirit. His excitement then becomes so intense that he cannot see his men and women at all clearly, and on this account the sort of verisimilitude which Zola was able to give to his work is entirely absent from Reade's. If critics ever admit that the methods of science have been of benefit to the novelist, they will point for proof to the *roman expérimental,* and not to our author's conscientiously documented narrative collections.

III.

Reade, as a matter of fact, was tyrannously ruled by at least two literary traditions which were by no means scientific—the traditions of melodrama and the sentimental tradition of the English novel of the early nineteenth century. His primary literary interest, we must not forget, was the theatre. His first literary venture was a pirated translation of Scribe and Legouvé's "Bataille des Dames"; "Christie Johnstone" was first written as a play; "Peg Woffington" is a novel constructed from "Masks and Faces," and the first impulse for "It Is Never too Late to Mend," which was to be a drama called "Gold," came from a French play, "Les Chercheurs d'Or." His intimate friend and biographer, John Coleman, assures us that "amidst his continually increasing successes as a novelist he still hungered for the glamour of the footlights and the applause of the audience, and was never happy out of the theatre." The novelist, therefore, was always controlled by the dramatist. At his happiest moments this direction results, as in "The Cloister and the Hearth," in highly diversified and thrilling action. At other times it appears as an insatiable thirst for applause, a continuous striving for effect. To this instinct for staginess can be attributed his short chapters of a few lines, his paragraphs of a few words, and his sentences in capitals—devices which are not effective, and are only indications that the writer meant them to be so. They are, as it were, tableaux in words upon which the author wishes the curtain to fall immediately.

Reade's responsibility to his characters was complicated by the demands of a conventional plot. Respectable popular novels of his day were written around a love story. All the heroes and heroines moved towards marriage as the great reward for all the virtues they had displayed. Reade, as a matter of course, gave a similar place of honor to the love story. Yet he treats it with a kind of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unconscious contempt. "Leo," as Coleman persists in calling Reade, "moves uneasily in the shackles of tradition." He really wished to write about English prisons and the mines of Australia, and he found himself continually forced to write about the love of Susan Merton and George Fielding, and their happy settlement in marriage. No wonder many of his novels seem formless!

From such adverse criticism "Peg Woffington" and "The Cloister and the Hearth" must be excepted. The former is a sort of idyll into which Reade has poured all his splendid enthusiasm for the life of the stage. Mistress Woffington is not so much his conception of the clever Irish actress as his idealization of the gayety, the brilliance, the cleverness, and the true nobility of the perfect actress. Peg Woffington is what every youth believes the stage lady of his dreams must be. As such, she is assured immortal popularity.

"The Cloister and the Hearth" is the sort of book that belongs to no one period of literature; and it is written in a way to disguise completely its relation to any one theory of fiction. It possesses almost every merit that an historical romance should have—fertility in the invention of adventures, superb skill in narration, and unique historical imagination in reconstructing almost the entire world of the fifteenth century and in marshalling it as a glorious pageant before our eyes. In this tale Reade's ardor, diverted for the moment from its moral aim, expends its whole power in the narrative itself, where it quickens even his pedantry and learning into life. "A story better conceived," says Swinburne, sobered for once to simplicity, "better constructed or better related, it would be hard to find anywhere."

Correspondence

A PROPHECY OF 1871.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following letter, written to the London *Times* of January 24, 1871, has an extraordinary appositeness at present, whether we agree or disagree with the opinions expressed. The writer, Colonel (afterwards General Sir Edward) Hamley, was one of the leading English authorities on military matters a generation ago, and his chief work, "The Operations of War" (1867), became a recognized text-book. His brilliant articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* on the Crimean War, in which he served, were very widely read and he also published several novels. J. F. M.

London, March 12.

"Sir: Engaged in watching the solution of such problems as when Paris will fall, and what terms Germany will be pleased to impose, we seem, notwithstanding much sympathy with the sufferings of France, to acquiesce in the treatment which she experiences as justifiable by 'the laws of war.' I must profess myself absolutely ignorant of a code which is always interpreted according to the prejudices of the expounder, and which seems to know little other limitation than the needs of the conqueror as defined by himself. But that such a code, if it exists, should be publicly known; that if none exists, one should be framed, and that we should make ourselves exactly acquainted with it, seem to be not only facts, but facts of some urgency. . . .

"The 'laws of war' as promulgated by the Prussians may be condensed in the case of invasion into the general axiom that the population of the invaded country lose their rights of property and of personal security, while the persons and effects of the invaders become absolutely sacred. In practice this takes the two distinct forms of the law of requisition and the law of penalty for resistance. Every species of movable property which any district held by the invader contains, is subject to the demands of the commander of the troops that occupy it. This property is liable to be transported to particular points by the horses and vehicles of the inhabitants, which always form an important item in the booty. The penalty for non-compliance, or tardy compliance, with a requisition is a pecuniary fine. For the payment of this the chief inhabitants are seized as hostages. The town or village, the inhabitants of which protect their property, is to be burnt. The town or village in which invading troops have suffered themselves to be surprised, is to be burnt. The district in which damage is done to bridges, roads, or railways is to be fined or devastated. The inhabitants who do the damage are to be put to death. Everybody taken with arms and not wearing a recognized uniform is to be put to death. All these things are they not written in the orders issued by Prussian chiefs, and have not those orders been punctually executed?

"In ordinary cases, to confiscate property by force, to burn buildings and stores, and to put people to death for such reasons as those quoted, are acts bearing names which need not be mentioned. It is difficult to say why these acts should lose their character if committed by invaders. And it is to be observed that the enforcement of these 'laws of war' is not merely the annulling of ordinary law, but the inversion of it. For, whereas a man in all peaceful countries is entitled and encouraged to defend his own property and person, while he who assails them does so at his own proper risk, in this case defence suddenly becomes a crime to be visited by the extremest penalties, and it is the aggressor who is to be protected by laws of extraordinary severity.

"If it were asserted that a victor might do what he pleased, there would be, in such a claim, nothing to cavil at, though much to object to. But this is not the case. The 'laws of war' have so far a meaning that the victor does not put the vanquished who are clad in uniform to death (though who shall say that it may not yet be done in this war?); and as to property, the case of the officer whom your correspondent saw stealing a spoon is said to be the subject of indignant inquiry, the investigators being, doubtless, those who have themselves enforced enormous requisitions. The fact that conquerors acknowledge certain obligations renders the prospect of imposing on them further restrictions rather more hopeful.

"The operations of these 'laws of war' are sufficiently manifest. A great part of the most productive territory of France is a solitude and a wilderness, to cause which to reblossom will be a task more arduous than to form a settlement in a savage country. And the effect on the French has been the arming of the entire population and the resolution to wage war to the last extremity.

"That the course to which the Prussians have resorted is not a necessity of warfare is proved by the fact that wars have been successfully waged under very different conditions. The British made war in the Peninsula, the French and Austrians in Italy, the Prussians in Bohemia, without committing any organized spoliation or wrong on the population. Possibly, Prussia may have good reason to congratulate herself that she inflicted no such atrocities on Austria as those in which she is now indulging. It may be safely asserted that if those severities can be dispensed with in one war, they can in another. The rule which should be followed is very simple. Let the invader treat the population of the hostile state and use its resources as he would an ally's or his own. Superior efficiency and superior skill would still retain their advantages; and let him not supplement deficiencies in force or vigilance by a system of terrorism, but restrict his enterprises to the space which he can protect, or extend them at his own peril, not at that of the population. Commanders have already abandoned some of their privileges in deference to the progress of civilization—they no longer make slaves of their captives, nor encourage indiscriminate plunder, nor massacre the inhabitants of cities taken by storm; let still further concessions be required of them. To say this is to argue in the interests of all the world against the victorious invader—nay, I will not even except the victorious invader himself. It is better that new restrictions should be placed on conquerors than that laws should be perverted, humanity outraged, and prosperous provinces converted into frightful deserts. To the plea that the custom of war authorizes these acts, the reply is that the custom is not of our time; it is derived from periods which are the stigma of nations and the blots of history; from times of general rapine and violence; from the French Revolution, the Middle Ages, and epochs yet nearer barbarism. . . .

"But it is necessary, say some, that France should be taught a lesson; that she should have full experience of the calamities which she has been but too ready to inflict. No doubt she has been taught a lesson, and one she is not likely to forget; but will the fruit of such teaching be submission or revenge? Can any one doubt that she wants only opportunity to inflict on her relentless enemy a full measure of the calamities which she undergoes, and that Europe may thus doubly suffer in the quarrel? As to the plea that the excesses of the French after Jena justify the severities of the Prussians, it is surely time for the world to have done with the foolish and barbarous fancy that injuries endured by one generation demand retribution from another. Such a doctrine would make the world the scene of an interminable vendetta, where everybody would claim the right of avenging his grandfather on the oppressor's grandson, and where provinces would be ravaged and cities destroyed in the pursuit of secure frontiers and of the at least equally definite object—revenge.

"If the effects of this war are manifest in the desperation of the French, not less evident, though more unexpected, are the propensities which have been developed in the Germans. That placid and home-loving race, which the world believed to be intent chiefly on philosophic dreams, now appears as insatiable of blood and dominion as the First Napoleon. Ruined towns and reluctant populations annexed to Germany, a magnificent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capital destroyed and its citizens starved, a political system unhinged, a great part of the world's trade annihilated, and a vast extent of prosperous territory turned into the most shocking of deserts—such are the prospects which now charm the imaginations of the people who differ no less from their former selves than their own Faust, rejuvenated by the Devil into a profligate and a homicide, differs from the venerable sage when he is first shown to us amid his books and alembics. Is it to be hoped that the resumption of their more harmless and agreeable, if not more natural, character will be accelerated by the return, with all their newly acquired taste for license and contempt for law, of the troops who have become habituated to plunder, to arson, and to the killing of prisoners in cold blood?

"If it be asked how the excesses of a conqueror who commands such toleration and respect are to be restrained, I answer, not by dwelling chiefly on the triumphs of his arms and ignoring the path which he has trod to them, but by proclaiming loudly that the system of warfare pursued is a detestable anachronism; that an ineffaceable stigma attaches to the army which practices and the nation which sanctions it, and that the 'honorable peace' which the Prussian Monarch desires is hardly possible with Paris burning at his feet, and France ruined behind him. Is he not a conqueror of the kind of which we have heard of old, 'who make a solitude, and call it peace'?

"But, though no nation in these times can afford to disregard public opinion, yet its effects are not always rapid, and, with a savage war in progress, may be indefinitely postponed. I submit that a conference for mitigating the severities which a relentless conqueror may inflict would be quite in unison with the sentiments of the age, and that the invitation to it might well come from a people which is tender even to its criminals, and desires that insurrections should be suppressed with the most careful discrimination. If the Powers of Europe could thus be induced to agree in the efforts to impose restraints on future invaders, the results would be at least as valuable as those attained by the Geneva Convention.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"E. B. Hamley, Colonel."

WHO ARE THE PROGRESSIVES IN THEOLOGY?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is getting to be as difficult to define a progressive in theology as it is in politics. There would be no difficulty in either case if mere motion was progress. But it is to be presumed that the progressives think they are approaching the truth. One of the most commonly assumed evidences of progress on the part of many of the leaders in the orthodox churches appears to be the acceptance of the "documentary theory of the Pentateuch," advocated by Wellhausen and his followers. About thirty years ago the "movement" was in this direction. But, evidently, movement stopped about ten years ago, and since that time critics have rested on "the assured results of that theory," and it has passed into the traditional stage, in which assumed facts are repeated in parrot-like fashion.

The real progressives of the present time are, however, moving in another direction. By the confession of Wellhausen himself the analysis on which he and his coadjutors have been basing their conclusions has proceeded without adequate investigation of the correctness of the text of the ordinary Hebrew Bible. Moreover, evidence has accumulated, as the publication of the Cambridge Septuagint has progressed, and as facts are coming to light about the texts which Jerome had before him in making the Latin translation, and as evidence is accumulating from various other quarters, that the Hebrew text is sadly in need of revision, and that the Septuagint is a translation, in the main, from an older and purer text. One of the most striking results of the textual revision which has already been accomplished is to show that Astruc's clue based on the occurrences of Jehovah and Elohim, by which the "E" and "J" documents were obtained by analysis, has no foundation in the original texts. Any one who hereafter flaunts the "E" and "J" documents as "assured results" is about ten or more years in the rear of progress.

G. Frederick Wright.

Oberlin, O., February 2.

SHAKESPEARE'S "ENSKY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Shakespeare's line ("Measure for Measure," 1, 4, 34):

I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,

must have led many a reader to wonder how he came upon the fine word "enskied."

On comparison, it seems evident that Shakespeare's "ensky" must derive, directly or indirectly, from the "inciela" of Dante ("Par." 3, 97), just as "imparadise" (English from the closing years of the sixteenth century) goes back to the "imparadisa" of "Par." 28, 3. "Enheaven," a parallel to "ensky," dates from 1652, and "insphere" from 1615, though the classic early example (1634) is Milton, "Comus" 3. Longfellow and Wicksteed employ "inheaven" (or "enheaven") in the translation of "Par." 3, 97, where Plumptre has "insphere."

Albert S. Cook.

Yale University, December 5, 1914.

ABIGAIL ADAMS AND SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An inestimable benefit of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is that it affords a considerable number of respectable persons, who, through stress of circumstances, have been compelled to spend a large part of their lives in the attempt to educate others, an opportunity to cultivate their own minds. It is true this is in their declining years, and the age of retirement might well, with the above object in view, be somewhat reduced. Let us, however, be grateful for the opportunity, be it extended over a few months or a few years.

Having consumed the greater part of my own life in the attempt to instil into the minds of refractory youths an interest in the languages and literatures of the south of Europe, subjects in which they could not reasonably be expected to feel an ardent interest, I am now spending the remnant of my days in the endeavor to acquaint myself with the history and literature of my own country. I began fortunately with Sir George Otto Trevelyan's "The Early History of Charles James Fox," "The American Revolution," and "George the Third and Charles James Fox." I read the seven volumes through continuously with ever increasing delight; indeed, at times the interest was so poignant that I had to look ahead to see how the story was going to end. It is a noble work, and one that every American should read with gratitude to the author.

I almost immediately reaped the benefit of my self-education, for, as an old-time reader of the *Evening Post*, I was able to peruse with understanding as well as with pleasure its alliterative editorial, "Neutrality and 'Nerves,'" in the issue of January 29. Trevelyan's readers will recall his admiration for Nathaniel Greene, and his just estimate of that noble soldier's character and inestimable services to his country. We may rest assured that Sir George will not take it amiss that a statue has been erected to General Greene, nor do I believe that Sir George's countrymen will feel hurt that Americans were so long in honoring one of their Revolutionary heroes that the dedication of their monument occurs while both nations are celebrating the hundredth anniversary of peace between them. Better late than never, but I trust that other States will not select this particular moment for the display of their Revolutionary piety.

Just after I had begun Trevelyan I happened to be in Philadelphia, and my host took me to Valley Forge, holy ground, if such there be in all this Republic. This visit led me when I had finished Trevelyan to read a book he often quotes with praise, Charles Knowles Bolton's "The Private Soldier under Washington," and again I was repaid for my new studies, for I could read with understanding the *Nation's* fine editorial of January 21, "Muckraking the Fathers." Let the recreant American who scoffs at the Revolutionary soldier read the splendid appreciation of his deeds in the pages of Trevelyan, a high-minded adversary, or in our own Bolton.

Well, I must begin to approach the subject of what bids fair to be a voluminous communication. After Trevelyan I asked my friend the professor of American history to suggest something else in his line, and by a happy inspiration he said: "Why not try the 'Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife, Abigail Adams, during the Revolution'?" I did, and found that I had again drawn a literary prize, and the years that I had squandered on Madame de Sévigné only increased my pleasure in the charming letters of my own countrywoman, letters which are worthy of being placed by the side of the best that have been written by a sex that is preëminent in that genre.

I learned all sorts of interesting things from Mrs. Adams's letters, and was greatly surprised to find how near a burning question of the present came to being settled a hundred and thirty-nine years ago. I quote the matter with some diffidence, owing to my imperfect knowledge of the legislation of those times. In Letter 91, dated Braintree, 31 March, 1776, Mrs. Adams writes to her husband, then a member of the Congress in session in Philadelphia:

I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That your sex are naturally tyrannical is a truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute; but such of you as wish to be happy willingly give up the harsh title of master for the more tender and endearing one of friend. Why, then, not put it out of the power of the vicious and the lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity with impunity? Men of sense in all ages abhor those customs which treat us only as the vassals of your sex; regard us then as beings placed by Providence under your protection, and in imitation of the Supreme Being make use of that power only for our happiness.

John Adams answered, as only a man would do, in Letter 93, April 14, 1776:

As to your extraordinary code of laws, I cannot but laugh. We have been told that our struggle has loosened the bonds of government everywhere; that children and apprentices were disobedient; that schools and colleges were grown turbulent; that Indians slighted their guardians, and negroes grew insolent to their masters. But your letter was the first intimation that another tribe, more numerous and powerful than all the rest, were grown discontented. This is rather too coarse a compliment, but you are so saucy I won't blot it out. Depend upon it, we know better than to repeal our masculine systems. Although they are in full force, you know they are little more than theory. We dare not exert our power in its full latitude. We are obliged to go fair and softly, and, in practice, you know we are the subjects. We have only the name of masters, and rather than give up this, which would completely subject us to the despotism of the petticoat, I hope General Washington and all our brave heroes would fight; I am sure every good politician would plot, as long as he would against despotism, empire, monarchy, aristocracy, oligarchy, or ochlocracy. A fine story, indeed! I begin to think the ministry as deep as they are wicked. After stirring up Tories, land-jobbers, trimmers, bigots, Canadians, Indians, negroes, Honoverians, Hessians, Russians, Irish Roman Catholics, Scotch renegadoes, at last they have stimulated the ——* to demand new privileges and threaten to rebel.

Mrs. Adams answered, like the angel that she was, in Letter 102, from Braintree, May 7, 1776:

I cannot say that I think you are very generous to the ladies; for, whilst you are proclaiming peace and good-will to men, emancipating all nations, you insist upon retaining an absolute power over wives. But you must remember that arbitrary power is like most other things which are very hard, very liable to be broken; and, notwithstanding all your wise laws and maxims, we have it in our power, not only to free ourselves, but to subdue our masters, and, without violence, throw both your natural and legal authority at our feet:

> Charm by accepting, by submitting sway,
> Yet have our humor most when we obey.

After all, what could have been expected of John Adams, whose views of woman's place in society may be inferred from an earlier letter, 76, November 4, 1775, also from the Congress at Philadelphia?

Two pair of colors, belonging to the Seventh Regiment, were brought here last night from Chambly, and hung up in Mrs. Hancock's chamber with great splendor and elegance. That lady sends her compliments and good wishes. Among a hundred men, almost, at this house, she lives and behaves with modesty, decency, dignity, and discretion, I assure you. Her behavior is easy and genteel. She avoids talking upon politics. In large and mixed companies, she is totally silent, as a lady ought to be.

O John, what would society be to-day if all the Mrs. Hancocks were such perfect ladies!

What a comfort if the matter had been settled then and there, and not left to the action of the future States! Members of the approaching Constitutional Convention would not have been obliged to advertise for reasons in favor of suffrage for women, nor would cowards, like myself, patronizingly proclaim that we are ready to give women votes when they want them. John Adams, what a mistake you made, and what a shame it is that our ancestors have left so many knotty problems for their unhappy posterity to solve!

What shall I read next in American history? T. F. C.

Ithaca, N. Y., February 3.

*Mr. Adams apparently could find no word to express his feelings.

Notes from the Capital

THE OLD DIPLOMACY AND THE NEW.

The persistent but generally discredited rumors of the recall of Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, suggest a few reflections. In old times the foreign diplomatist in Washington was a somewhat statuesque figure, with social inclinations which were not quite satisfied. He took his place as a member of a select corps to whom the most private of private courtesies were extended in a semi-representative way, neither authors nor recipients being free from the consciousness which prompts such a manner of approach. During our generation, however, an envoy here and there has broken through the official shell that encases him, and become for the nonce like a foster-son of our country. A notable instance was that of Bryce —"our Bryce," as many Americans affectionately style him to this day. Long before he left the United States, we had come to associate the name of his French colleague, M. Jusserand, with his, and now Jusserand has succeeded, as nearly as possible, to the place Bryce filled among the American people.

Contrasted with their type stands Bernstorff, a much modernized survival from the earlier school of diplomacy: intellectually brilliant, professionally well trained, highly technical, careful of every step, and carrying out the letter of his billet as the personal representative of his master, the Kaiser. He has obviously been as anxious as any member of the corps to win favor in this country for his own, but without quite reaching his goal. The trouble with him, as with most of his predecessors, has been his inability to appreciate the real essence of our democracy and adapt himself to it. Where Jusserand, like Bryce, has had anything to do with us outside of the strictly diplomatic jurisdiction, he has become one of us for the time, entering into sympathetic rather than formal relations with the people. Where Bernstorff has had an equivalent duty to perform, those whom it has brought into contact with him have never been allowed to forget, albeit not deliberately reminded, that here was the Kaiser's other self in undress.

Doubtless Bernstorff could and did report to his foreign office quite as accurately as Bryce and Jusserand, and perhaps with minuter detail, on the economic interests of this country, and their liabilities to conflict with the corresponding interests at home. It is probable that he could interpret with equal assurance the acts, utterances, purposes, and tendencies of our Governmental circle. But when it came to getting behind these matters, and finding out what was moving the minds of the American people at large, his acumen would fall far short of theirs; and the seriousness of this shortcoming is apparent in view of the cumulative force of popular opinion in the United States, and even of popular sentiment not yet crystallized into opinion. The diplomatist who is trying to trace the trend of events here between the lines of their chronicle, will have to extend his search well behind our official front.

Bryce, when he came to Washington, became not merely a resident guest with a kindly spirit towards his host, but to all practical intents a Washingtonian. He concerned himself as much as any native in the advancement of the city to its rightful rank among capitals. His attitude was not the arms-length, advisory sort which any other man in his position, with fairly active human impulses and a resourceful brain, might have assumed, but that of "one of the family," with the added advantage of being able to command a truer perspective. It was the same way wherever he went throughout the Union. Such good fellowship did not estop him from asserting the rights of his own Government when necessity arose, but the necessity was minimized because the relations he had thus cultivated paved the way for the prompt popular acceptance of whatever he could show to be just and right, and discredited the Anglophobia which formerly was so terrifying a bogey to our nervous statesmen.

Jusserand has Bryce's love of absorbing knowledge, less of the external fabric, and more of the heart, of the nation. Most of his popular functions have been in connection with formal events like the presentation of a medal or a statue, a dedicatory exercise, the celebration of an anniversary, or the like, but he has made them informal by his mode of addressing himself to his subject. Not in the sense of ignoring his foreign antecedents, but by entering intimately into our ways of thought and expression, he has identified himself with us for the time being, and thus awakened all that is responsive in us. An Ambassador thus skilled is twice equipped for his mission; we welcome his diplomacy because he makes us forget that he is a diplomatist.

Bernstorff is genial, witty, an agreeable dinner companion, an entertaining speaker, so well fitted for the social side of his task that it seems somewhat ungracious to temper our recognition with what may seem like finical criticism; but frankness compels the admission that at the back of his obeisant head we discern the shadow of the helmet, and in the midst of his gayer moods we can almost hear the click of his spurred heels. Whether or not we charge this peculiarity wholly to his German training, it is a real handicap among a people like ours. We can hardly imagine a Bernstorff filling the part of a Bryce or a Jusserand, for the malleable quality is simply lacking to his nature. What one of his old friends once said, in the course of a tribute to his perfect poise, comes to mind now after his stay of a half-dozen years with us: "If I have one fault to ascribe to him, it is that he never lets his heart get the better of his head." This has the ring of the old diplomacy rather than of the new.

VIEILLARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature

ANTARCTICA.

The Home of the Blizzard: The Story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-1914. By Sir Douglas Mawson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Two volumes. Illustrated. $9.

Antarctic Adventure: Scott's Northern Party. By Raymond E. Priestley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Illustrated. $5 net.

Comparative nearness has given to the North an age-long ascendency in polar exploration and literature, and until very recently it has easily held its primacy in the imagination both of the actual explorer and of the more numerous class of polar enthusiasts who do their shivering vicariously over the printed page. Since, however, Peary's record of his successful attack upon the North Pole came from the press, less than five years ago, we have had Amundsen's two portly volumes describing his attainment of the South Pole from the Bay of Whales, the two volumes which, with the gloomy tread of a Greek tragedy, unfold the story of Robert Falcon Scott's fatal success in reaching the same goal a month later from McMurdo Sound, and now the volumes of Sir Douglas Mawson and Mr. Priestley. Has any other single field of exploration ever given so remarkable an output in so short a time?

The aim of the Mawson expedition was not the Pole, but scientific research. Antarctic exploration, properly so called, had its birth in the scientific motive. The fact that any possible Antarctic continent was wholly disconnected from the great known land masses of the globe was proved by men who made no effort to penetrate the remote South. Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1487, and Drake passed around Cape Horn in 1578. Tasman skirted the southern limits of Australia in 1642. But they were simply passing around obstacles, not seeking to penetrate the Austral seas and discover their actual contents. This problem was first attacked by Capt. James Cook, in 1772, under the auspices of the British Admiralty. Cook crossed the Antarctic Circle three times, never before passed, reached a latitude of a little more than 71 degrees, and by actual search through all available ocean spaces erased from the tentative maps of enthusiastic but ill-informed imaginations all traces of a great southern continent within habitable limits. Whalers and sealers were the immediate followers of Cook, but they left no records of land discovery. Bellingshausen, in 1821, under Russian auspices, had the honor of first sighting land within the Antarctic Circle. Two years later Weddell, of the Royal Navy, broke all records by passing the 74th parallel and attached his name to the Weddell Seal, the Weddell Sea, and later to the Weddell Quadrant of the Antarctic Circle. The next twenty years brought Biscoe, Balleny, Dumont d'Urville, Wilkes, and Ross to the field. The first two were representatives of the Enderby Brothers, of London, interested in sealing and whaling, but enlightened enough to instruct their men to gather accurate scientific information at the same time. Dumont d'Urville, Wilkes, and Ross represented the Governments of France, the United States, and Great Britain. All discovered land within or close to the Antarctic Circle. And thus the Antarctic problems of recent years, the attainment of the South Pole, and the delimitation and detailed study of the land mass or masses now known to surround it, began to take definite form.

Mawson got the inspiration for his own expedition by service as a member of Lieut. Shackleton's party, in 1908-1909. During this service he was with Professor David, of Sydney University, when the latter located the South Magnetic Pole, and but for his absence in this work would probably have been with Shackleton in his remarkable thrust for the geographic pole. It will be remembered that this effort was foiled, apparently, only by the accidental loss in a deep crevasse of the one remaining pony which was to have been killed that night for food, and would have furnished an ample supply for the ninety-seven miles remaining when threatened starvation forced the party sorrowfully to reverse its course. Thus, but for the slip of a pony's foot, Shackleton would presumably have anticipated by nearly three months Peary's success at the opposite extremity of the globe. And this reminds one that the failure of his ponies to come up to expectations was a weighty element in the accumulation of mischances which led to Scott's disaster, three years later. The brain and sinew of man and the ice-bred vitality of the Eskimo dog are the two agents which have justified themselves in polar work. Scott's motor-sledges were hopeless derelicts long before his ponies gave up, and Mawson's air-motor sledge proved no better. And when these mechanical contrivances break down, that is the end. You cannot eat them.

Mawson's operations during the expedition of 1911-1914 were in the Victoria Quadrant, south of Australia and New Zealand, 90 to 180 degrees east longitude. Running along the Antarctic Circle over almost the entire quadrant one finds even in the new "Britannica" the designation "Wilkes Land," in honor of that stormy petrel of the American navy who led the expedition authorized by Congress in 1836. Wilkes returned to face a court-martial in which one of the charges was that he had fabricated his alleged land discoveries in this region. He was acquitted on this charge, but held guilty of illegal punishment of some of his men.

Subsequent explorers, beginning with Ross, have been wiping one bit after another of his Antarctic lands from the map by impolitely sailing over the alleged locality. Scott made a few such erasures in the voyage of the Discovery, and now Mawson has wrought still further havoc. His map of the quadrant leaves the title of "Wilkes Land" only to a stretch of about five degrees just east of the 130th meridian. But there is a kindly disposition to explain the difficulty on the basis of glaringly incorrect cartography rather than reckless mendacity. With land so close at hand all along this part of his voyage, it will hardly do to assume that Wilkes did not see it.

A glance at the illustrations in one of Wilkes's volumes, by the side of the magnificent pictorial work in Mawson, fills the heart with gratitude to those who have brought photographic illustration to its present state of perfection. A "tabular iceberg," as represented by an old-style wood engraving in Wilkes, suggests rather a huge pile of boards on some Michigan lumber dock; in the reproduction of one of Mawson's or Scott's photographs it is genuine ice, so cold and hard that it almost induces a shiver as you look. Peary's camera was fond of his ship, his sledges, and his Eskimo helpers. Amundsen pictured predominantly the activities of his men, with a liking also for his dogs, so many of which were later killed and eaten; but for vivid picturing of the polar ice, in its marvellously varying phases, no other has made even a near approach to the work of Scott and Mawson. It is by no means a positive detraction to say that Mr. Priestley's volume on Scott's Northern party has hardly reached so high a level in its illustrations. Cartographic illustration is, of course, moving more slowly. Years, if not generations, of patient labor must still precede any such map of the Antarctic Circle as that of its Arctic counterpart which Gilbert H. Grosvenor prepared for Peary's volume. The volumes of Scott were more liberal in detailed mapping than are those of Mawson. But in either case the reader who wants complete detail must, of course, wait for the full publication of scientific results.

In general, Mawson's work falls into three geographical divisions. The ship, with its quota of scientists, operated chiefly within a triangle defined by Tasmania, New Zealand, and D'Urville Sea, which lies on the Antarctic Circle directly south of Tasmania. Soundings were taken over wide areas, with study of marine life, ice floes, meteorological conditions, etc. Near the middle of this triangle, on Macquarie Island, one party was stationed, studying local conditions. Mawson himself, with one portion of his men, worked eastward and southward from a base on Commonwealth Bay, just inside the Circle. The southward journey from this point was an attempt to reach the South Magnetic Pole, but the party was obliged to turn back baffled when the needle lacked only about a quarter of a degree of the perpendicular. The one tragedy of the expedition was reserved for an eastern trip from this base, led by Mawson himself, accompanied only by Xavier Mertz, a Swiss graduate in law from the Universities of Leipzig and Berne, and Lieut. Ninnis, of the Royal Fusiliers. Ninnis lost his life in a crevasse, carrying with him a sledge-load of provisions the loss of which forced Mawson and Mertz immediate-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly to turn back. Mertz became ill from overstrain, and finally died in his sleeping-bag after a series of convulsions, with about one hundred miles of the return journey still unfinished. After a terrible struggle of twenty-four days, Mawson at last made his way back to the rest of his party, saved from the fate of Scott only by the fact that he had the better fortune to stumble upon a bag of food when absolute collapse from starvation was at hand. Still another base of operations was established on the 95th meridian of east longitude, just north of the Circle, and researches were made in various directions from this point. In general, all indications are that Sir Douglas Mawson has not merely given the reading public two magnificent volumes of adventure and description, but has accumulated a mass of scientific material which, when digested and published, will amply justify the labor and money invested.

The work of Mr. Priestley's section of the Scott expedition lay northward from McMurdo Sound, along the western border of Ross Sea. Among his finds were specimens of fossil wood which, with similar evidence accumulated by others, leads him to say that there can be no doubt that several times at least this region has had a climate even more genial than that of England today. Geological "erratics," on the other hand, tell even of a far more frigid condition than the present, when a great moving ice-cap tore fragments of rock from their original home and left them lying upon formations to which they have no genetic relation. May we add, as a closing word, that there is a dignity and sincerity about these great British exploring expeditions of recent times which make one glad to forget some of the episodes of American exploration?

CURRENT FICTION.

The Great Tradition. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

Of the eight short stories which make up this volume, that which gives it its title is representative of Mrs. Gerould's penetrating insight into social situations, and of the somewhat narrow and colorless vein of life in which she works. It is wrought around the struggle of a mature woman who tries to justify herself in finally fleeing from a union she can no longer bear, but who is recalled to a stern sense of social and moral duty by the weakness of her daughter, illustrating abhorrently the act she was about to commit. The intricacies of the plot are skilfully traced out—the disagreeable characteristics of the husband, the indignation of an old servant who divines the wife's plan of escape, the sudden frustration of her dreams of happiness with another man when her child runs away with some one. Into her final decision enter many elements of self-sacrifice. "If people had learned of her elopement with Ambrose Hale, they might have shaken their heads and called it vain romance; but when they learned of Monica's emulation of her mother, they would have gabbled of 'hereditary taint.' She knew her world well enough for that. If Monica's case was to be special, her mother's would have to be irreproachable." The story of "Pearls" has a less psychological action, dealing with lost gems and the eccentric character of the poverty-stricken artist who returned them. In a sudden access of irresponsibility caused by the receipt of a $15,000 reward, he deserts his wife and daughter for a wild junketing trip to unknown tropical regions. The one exception to the strictly urban setting of the stories is "Wesendonck," in which figure a poverty-sticken young college professor of the West and his family.

A Freelance in Kashmir. By Lieut.-Col. S. F. MacMunn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

This story, told by one perfectly familiar with East Indian scenes, is a romance of the latter days of "The Great Anarchy," the name given the years following the death of the Emperor Aurungzebe in 1707. The "freelance" is a young Englishman, the son of an officer in the East India Company, and a keen soldier. He interferes to help thwart a conspiracy to supplant the Governor of Kashmir, and as a relief to the plotting and fighting is made to carry on a love affair with the Governor's sister. The whole is told with a spirited eye to incident, and the description of an unsuccessful expedition against the tribesmen of the Black Mountains, who had been instigated to raid Kashmir villages, is particularly effective. At times it trenches upon the melodramatic, and the author errs greatly in introducing one character of supernatural sort—the arch-villain, represented as the Wandering Jew. Some of the historical allusions might be more accurate, and the style is hasty. But on the whole it is a book of interest and merit.

Shower and Shine. By Guy Fleming. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60 net.

If there is something refreshing in the refusal of the British to impart "punch" or over-pungent surprise to their short stories, it is nevertheless hard to carry simple directness through twenty-six stories without an effect of insipidity. The reader of this Doric volume is warned that he is to judge it by a mixture of the canons of the narrative and of the essay. The tradition of La Bruyère is strong upon the writer. "The Professor," "John Dorning, Clerk," "The Philosopher," "The Eugenic"—each of these is a character sketch opened by the directest of descriptions, and carried forward by some simple action to a simple climax. The title last mentioned, for example, heads the account of a crank upon scientific marriages who stultifies himself by falling in love, and marrying for love: an account without a sparkle of humor in it, or more than half a dozen lines of conversation. The author's elaboration of his simple ideas has some merits of style, but in all this desert of too straightforward story-telling we cry out for a few rills of cleverness.

TWO PROPHETS OF EMPIRE.

German World Policies. By Paul Rohrbach. Translated by Edmund von Mach. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain. By J. A. Cramb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net. Portrait frontispiece.

Dr. Rohrbach's book, "Der Deutsche Gedanke in der Welt," was published in 1912. It bears a far-off resemblance to Matthew Arnold's "Arminius Letters." It is a summons to clear thinking on imperial issues. It is assumed as axiomatic, under the usual false biological analogy, that a nation must expand or decline. Germany is bidden to extend her cult of scientific diligence throughout the world. It is assumed that England, to whose greatness Professor Rohrbach pays generous tribute, will oppose the growth of the new Teutonic world power. The cardinal article of world policy for Germany, then, is to be able to fight England if she must, and to come to peaceful terms with her if she may.

The obstacle to either solution is the crass parochialism of the German character, the absence of far-reaching views. Nobody has written more sharply than the author of caste favoritism and exclusivism; no one has seen more clearly certain disagreeable narrownesses and intensities in the German character.

The remedy, naturally, is to think imperially. The Prussianized oligarchy must be liberalized. Germany must live down the distrust she engenders as a reactionary Power. An enlightened colonial policy must be framed, diplomacy paving the way.

It will be seen that we have to do with a candid book. On analysis it will be felt that the argument is most loosely knit. Virtually, what is said is, a nation which is enjoying a phenomenal commercial expansion as things stand, a nation which is not crowded or physically hampered, should greatly accelerate its imperial expansion at all hazards. A people which has shown disinclination either to colonize intelligently or to think in terms of empire should suddenly concentrate all its energies on an expansive policy. The moral warrant for such a programme is merely that the Germans are the most conscientious and laborious of races, and the fact that imperial expansion is *bonum in se*. It should be clear that there is a pretty bad jumble of the proper position of cart and horse in this plea. Fundamentally, with all his apparent cosmopolitanism, Professor Rohrbach depends on the usual Prussian axiom that the state is beyond criticism. His meliorism is tainted by political determinism. His practical advice is that a people which finds itself incapable of making moral conquests should promptly incur the maximum moral hazard of aggressive imperialism. He wants Ger-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many immediately to claim a preponderance in the world for which he has already admitted she has revealed all manner of disqualifications. Under the mildness of the manner, the counsel is simply that of the ruthless nationalism which within a couple of years of the writing of this book was to draw upon Germany the joint attack of an outraged world.

Whoever draws any clear idea either of the origins or the destiny of Imperial Britain from the perfervid pages of the late Professor Cramb will be more lucky than the reviewer. There is a kaleidoscopic flux of great historic names and of grandiloquent phrases. The distinctive mark of British Imperialism is said to be flexible justice and religious toleration. Herein it is said, without proof of the case, to differ from the rigid imperialism of Rome. This, and the now familiar axiom that a nation must choose between empire or downfall, is the moral warrant. An interesting collateral argument, the Nietzschean origin of which is obvious, is the following: "Genius for empire in a race supplies that impressiveness with which a heroic or royal origin invests the protagonist of a tragedy, an Agamemnon, or a Theseus."

If this means anything, it means that the chief duty of statesmanship is to assure for a nation a sufficiently cataclysmic and impressive end. Professor Cramb's survey of recent European developments is not without vigor and picturesqueness. One can see that the wild whirl of words with which an obscure and mystical plea for empire is invested may have worked hypnotically on the lecture audience for which these papers were originally written. We fail to see, however, the reason for resurrecting matter so deeply tinged by the dialectic of the charlatan and the rhetoric of the sophist.

JUDICIAL INTERPRETATION.

The Relation Between Law and Public Opinion in England. Second edition. By A. V. Dicey. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Judicial Interpretation of Political Theory. By William Bennett Bizzell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Doctrine of Judicial Review. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton University Press.

The ability with which Mr. Dicey presented his views of the relation between the progress of English law and the course of public opinion in England during the nineteenth century, won wide popularity for the first edition of his lectures upon this topic. More than that, it begot in various American writers the disposition to apply his doctrine to the development of our own public and private law. Some of these went far beyond the tenets of their master. The rules of law, according to these extremists, are established to promote the selfish interests of those who dominate public opinion. Not only are statutes enacted for their benefit, but courts are tender of their interests, protecting litigants of great social and financial power, while abandoning weak and unpopular litigants to outlawry. They declare that such rules as those relating to contributory negligence, assumption of risk, and the fellow-servant doctrine were adopted by the courts with the idea of favoring the employer at the expense of the employed.

Mr. Dicey undoubtedly ought not to be held responsible for such views. He never charges the judiciary with partisanship for the dominant class. Nor does he teach that judge-made law registers the opinion of the social or political order to which the judge belongs. On the contrary, he emphasizes the fact that Lord Mansfield, while politically a Tory leader, "was in his judicial character an enlightened reformer"; that in commercial law he carried out ideas which could hardly have been embodied in acts of Parliament, because of Tory prejudices. "For the purposes of these lectures, the essential matter to bear in mind," he asserts, "is the fact that judicial legislation may be the result of considerations different from the ideas which influence Parliament"; that is the "predominant opinion of the day." He notes several instances in which judicial conceptions of social duty and morality "are above the ideas prevalent at a particular era."

The second edition of Mr. Dicey's book is especially notable for the introductory chapter, in which the author undertakes "to trace the connection during the opening years of the twentieth century between the development of English law and the course of English opinion." His treatment of the subject follows the lines of the original lectures. He considers, first, the state of legislative opinion at the end of the nineteenth century; secondly, the course of legislation during the last thirteen years; thirdly, the main current of legislative opinion from the beginning of the century, and, fourthly, the counter currents and cross currents of opinion during this period. He reaches the conclusion that legislative opinion at the end of the last century had rejected the doctrine of individualism for that of collectivism, and that the collectivist movement still dominates English legislation. Much of this statute law he deplores and criticises, although he tries his best to act the part of an historian and not of a partisan. He describes the new causes and conditions which, in his opinion, have given additional force to the socialistic doctrines of collectivism and then classifies the counter currents and cross currents of legislative opinion. The first counter-current is the surviving belief in the policy of *laissez-faire*. The second is the inconsistency between democracy and collectivism. He finds an important cross-current in the opposition to the expensiveness or the financial burdens of collectivism. In closing the chapter, he indulges in various reflections, some of them gloomy, others cheerful. While he refrains from prophecy, the following sentence appears to express his hope "that Englishmen may carry the individualistic virtues and laws of the nineteenth century into the twentieth century, and there blend them with the socialistic virtues of a coming age."

Dr. Bizzell gives to Mr. Dicey's conception a novel turn, in sketching the development of American Constitutional law. Under our system, according to his view, governmental policies crystallize out of public opinion in the following manner. The collective judgment of each political organization finds expression in the party platform. After its victory at the polls, the party attempts to translate the dominant public opinion into law. When resulting statutes are attacked as unconstitutional, the courts are required to determine whether or not they accord with the fundamental law. Judicial decisions thus evoked may modify or even nullify the social judgments of the majority of the electorate. It follows that public opinion does not exercise the immediate and potent influence upon the development of Constitutional law in this country that it does in England. Political theory with us is subject to judicial interpretation. In the author's opinion, members of our Federal Courts are able to give force and effect to political theories of the parties with which they are affiliated, without debasing their decisions with political doctrine. He contends that the American people are looking more and more to the Federal Courts as the final arbiter of our political issues. In this disposition he finds evidence of a supreme confidence in these tribunals, a confidence which, he believes, insures the country against riots and civil strife resulting from heated debate and party antagonisms. He has little of criticism and much of compliment for our judiciary, especially for the Federal Supreme Court.

Professor Corwin, on the other hand, shows scant reverence for that august tribunal. In the first of the five essays which he has brought together under the title of "The Doctrine of Judicial Review," he handles Chief Justice Marshall without gloves. True, he does not charge the Court with usurpation in declaring statutes unconstitutional. On the contrary, he believes that the dominant public opinion, which effected the adoption of the Federal Constitution, assumed that the Supreme Court possessed and would exercise the right of judicial review of legislative acts. But of Marbury v. Madison he writes:

> To speak quite frankly, this decision bears many of the earmarks of a deliberate partisan *coup*. The court was bent on reading the President a lecture on his legal and moral duty to recent Federalist appointees to judicial office, whose commissions the last Administration had not had time to deliver, but at the same time hesitated to invite a snub by actually asserting jurisdiction of the matter. It therefore took the engaging position of declining to exercise power which the Constitution withheld from it, by making the occasion an opportunity to assert a far more transcendent power.

In the fourth essay, dealing with the Dred Scott decision, his comments on the Supreme Court are even more uncomplimentary. The decision, he asserts, cannot be called a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usurpation, but was a gross abuse of trust, which shattered the reputation of the Court and jeopardized its independence. Parts of Chief Justice Taney's opinion are severely criticised, while other parts are defended against the attacks of earlier critics. Justice Catron is described as giving orders to President Buchanan to persuade Justice Grier to join the majority of his brethren in a broad-gauge decision; and the opinion of Justice Catron is said to be characterized by a most extravagant line of reasoning. Nor does Justice Curtis escape unscathed. His supposed refutation of the Chief Justice's argument upon the question of Dred Scott's title to a prima-facie citizenship within the recognition of the Constitution, is declared to be a fiction. In the author's opinion, apparently, this decision as a whole, and the various judicial opinions rendered therein, now for the first time receive their correct evaluation.

Mr. Corwin's polemic ability shows to excellent advantage in the essay on The Pelatiah Webster Myth. He shatters the myth undoubtedly; but whether the prime object of attack is the myth, or its distinguished sponsor, Hannis Taylor, is a topic upon which opinions may differ.

MRS. TAFT'S REMINISCENCES.

Recollections of Full Years. By Mrs. William Howard Taft. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Mrs. Taft's full years appear to have embraced her whole life, for this is her autobiography. It begins about the close of the Civil War, when, as little Helen Herron, too immature to know what it all meant, she watched a peace parade from her father's doorstep in Cincinnati; it ends with her departure from the White House. Incidentally, it is a biographical sketch of William Howard Taft, whom she first met at an evening coasting party, where he took her, a girl of eighteen, down a steep hill on his bob-sled. Later they were thrown together during a season of private theatricals, in which he distinguished himself as a full-habited Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, and his brother, Horace, who loomed six feet and four inches in his stockings, supported him as Puck. Their marriage resulted from their association in a "salon" organized by the author among the young people of her neighborhood for the serious purpose of improving their minds. They spent their honeymoon abroad, taking passage in an unfashionable ship because it was cheap; and the bride's first foreign purchase was a lot of old Delft chinaware, which the groom had to carry all over Europe in a hand-basket, but which was finally smashed on the voyage home. Then they settled down to the routine of domestic life in a mortgaged house of their own building.

It was here that Mr. Taft's public career began with his elevation to a Judgeship of the Superior Court. Although his tastes and ambitions were all in the judicial line, his wife preferred that he should remain in the active practice of the law, where his initiative would count for so much more. She rejoiced, therefore, when President Harrison offered him the Solicitor-Generalship of the United States, and he accepted it.

The period covered by her husband's second term of service on the bench as a United States Circuit Judge seems to have interested Mrs. Taft very little, for she dismisses its nine significant years in two pages filled chiefly with the activities of the Cincinnati Orchestra Association. She then takes her readers to the Philippines, where, with great reluctance, Mr. Taft had accepted the headship of the Commission charged with the establishment of civil government in the Islands. President McKinley expected it to be so short a task that he advised Mr. Taft not to resign his judgeship, but to take merely a six months' leave of absence. Mr. Taft realized better the magnitude of the undertaking, and insisted on resigning. In the Philippines we are treated to a comparison between the military methods of Gen. Otis, who had taken the insurrection as somewhat of a joke, but had returned home before the Tafts arrived, and of Gens. MacArthur and Chaffee, respectively, who succeeded him in command of the troops. MacArthur had little patience with the ideal of civil government; Chaffee, though cherishing a soldier's distrust of a barbarian enemy, was more disposed to tolerate the Commission and coöperate with it after a fashion. It was Taft who first devised the scheme of setting up a prison on the island of Guam, and deporting thither the trouble-makers "whom we think worthy of a less punishment than hanging." The lenient practices which had prevailed, he reported to Washington, "must be changed to those more severe."

Mrs. Taft was much impressed by what she learned of Aguinaldo at first hand. He was, she says, "an officer and a gentleman, proving himself worthy of all the courtesy extended to him, and accepting defeat with great dignity. He is the most striking figure in the Philippines even to-day, though one often hears of him as a peaceful and unambitious farmer in his native province of Cavité, whence he emerges only on rare occasions to be present at some important social event in Manila, where, among Americans in particular, he is most highly regarded."

The account of the repeated offers of a seat on the Supreme bench vainly made to Mr. Taft, and afterwards his summons home to take the Secretaryship of War, is recited with considerable detail. It was after this shift that Roosevelt, Root, and Taft came to be known through their intimacy as "The Three Musketeers," and adopted the names of Dumas's trio in their private communications. Root and Taft played important speaking parts in the Roosevelt-Parker campaign. Four years later, it was Roosevelt and Root who forced the fighting to elect Taft President; and Mrs. Taft tells pleasantly of a visit made by her husband and herself to the Roosevelts at the White House after the result had been legally declared. When they awoke on the morning of March 4, and found the city in the grip of the worst blizzard known in years, it gave the President-elect a text for a jest: "I always said it would be a cold day when I got to be President." The administration of the oath, of course, had to take place inside the Senate Chamber; and Mr. Roosevelt's parting remark to Mr. Taft, anent the latter's inaugural address, was: "God bless you, old man! It is a great state document."

Her last chapter Mrs. Taft devotes mainly to the break between her husband and the old friend whom he succeeded in the Presidency. To Mr. Taft's resultant defeat in 1912 she refers with feeling, but not bitterness. "I wanted him to be reëlected, naturally," she says, "but I never entertained the slightest expectation of it, and only longed for the end of the turmoil, when he could rest his mind and get back into association with the pleasant things of life. Fortunately, we are a family that laughs."

The book challenges criticism both by its length and by its sometimes tedious frankness, so that one is tempted to protest, like the prude in the play, that a few things might safely be left to the imagination. The author's story of her life could have been better told in two hundred than in four hundred pages, and the reader will profit by judicious skipping. Its chief value lies in the occasional sidelights it casts on her husband's character and career, and here and there one catches in it glints of humor which belie her modest pretence that her own mind is wholly matter-of-fact.

Notes

"The Holy War, 'Made in Germany,'" by C. Snouck Hurgronje, with an introduction by Richard J. H. Gottheil, translated by Joseph E. Gillet, is announced for publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Harper & Brothers announce for publication this week a new edition, in a single volume, of the "History of the Lewis and Clark Expedition."

Included in the spring list of Charles Scribner's Sons, in addition to volumes already announced, are the following: "Our Navy and the Next War," by Robert W. Neeser; "The Little Man, and Other Satires," by John Galsworthy; "Daybreak," by Elizabeth Miller; "The Great Tradition," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould; "A Cloistered Romance," by Florence Olmstead; "The Well-Considered Garden," by Mrs. Francis King; "Camp Craft," by Warren H. Miller; "On the Trail," by Lina and Adelia D. Beard; "Baseball: Individual Play and Team Play in Detail," by W. J. Clarke and Frederick T. Dawson; "Pets for Pleasure and Profit," by A. Hyatt Verrill; "John Huss: His Life, Teachings, and Death, after Five Hundred Years," by David S. Schaff; "Music and the Higher Education," by Edward H. Dickinson.

Announcement has been made that the general meeting of the American Philosophi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal Society will be held at Philadelphia on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 22, 23, and 24.

A group of volumes on the child falls into two divisions: those dealing with society's care of him through the machinery of the courts, and those considering the problem of his education. In the first group, Dr. Thomas D. Eliot's "The Juvenile Court and the Community" (Macmillan; $1.25 net) is the newest addition to the American Social Progress series. Dr. Eliot contends that "the juvenile court as at present organized is an unnecessary, and, in a sense, an anomalous institution." He would have its functions performed by the school and the domestic-relations court, the school, or rather the educational system, taking over the function of probation, and the domestic relations court handling the remaining difficulties of controlling the unruly. The author recognizes the value of the juvenile court as a pioneer effort, but urges the need of a broader solution of the problem it was organized to solve. There is much force in his contention, which he presents with a persuasive quietness of tone and fulness of knowledge of conditions in our cities. Hannah Kent Schoff's "The Wayward Child" (Bobbs-Merrill; $1 net), one of the Childhood and Youth series, although well informed, is not searching. This fact may be due in part to the circumstance that the book was written to arouse the interest of persons who are not yet awake to the importance of the subject it presents. More thorough is Louise de Koven Bowen's "Safeguards for City Youth at Work and at Play," with a preface by Jane Addams (Macmillan; $1.50 net). The book gives a detailed description of the perils to which many boys and girls are constantly exposed, relates what has been accomplished in Chicago towards minimizing these perils, and sets forth what is still pressingly needed in that direction. By virtue of its unremitting concreteness, it is one of the most illuminating and forceful presentations of its theme that have appeared.

Of the volumes on the education of the child, the most comprehensive is Henry S. Curtis's "Education through Play" (Macmillan; $1.50 net). Chapters on "What Is Play?" "Play as a Physical Training," "Play and the Training of the Intellect," and "Play and the Formation of Habits and Character," are followed by others on play as it is in German and English schools, and as it is and also as it ought to be in American schools. Concluding chapters on "The School as a Social Centre" and "The Training of Play Teachers" are supplemented by an appendix containing rules for a score of more or less common games. The author has a practical knowledge of his subject, and provides his chapters with bibliographies, but why must those who recognize the importance of play prejudice their cause by elevating play above work as an educational force? "We are coming to-day to see that the best preparation for life is living; and play, representing as it does the life of the past, is much nearer to a life of business or politics or society than is the schoolroom and its studies"—after a sentence like this we are not surprised to find baseball held up as a better kind of training than the tasks of the schoolroom, since these teach "deferred judgment," while the game stimulates quick and accurate judgment, which is what we want in life! With this reservation, however, the book may be commended to the serious attention of parents, teachers, and the public. "Child Training as an Exact Science," by George W. Jacoby, M.D. (Funk & Wagnall's; $1.50 net), is a treatise based upon the principles of physiology and psychology. Florence Hull Winterburn's "The Mother in Education" (McBride, Nast; $1.50 net), is a manual presenting such matters as are indicated by the chapter headings, "The Mother Tongue," "Cultivating Observation," "Nature Studies," "The Right Method in Reading," "Children in Society." Finally, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's "Montessori Children" (Holt) is made up of a series of sketches of children observed in Rome. It is the most intelligent appreciation of Dr. Montessori's work yet published in this country.

The fifth volume of "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association," edited by Professor Elton, is, like the previous issues in this series, a collection of articles of varied interest approachable by the general reader as well as by the specialist (Clarendon Press; 5s. net). In the initial essay on "Rhythm in English Verse, Prose, and Speech," D. S. MacColl rather gayly enters the lists of the embattled prosodists with the contentions that the distinction between "quantitative" and "accentual" verse is false; that Sidney Lanier's musical theory, with slight amendments, is the correct explanation of English verse, and that the musical law of rhythm "underlies the structure not only of 'numerous' prose, but of all prose and speech." A. E. Taylor analyzes the notable but little known novels of "Mark Rutherford" (William Hale White), and commends them to thoughtful readers "in search of the 'healing power' which they, no less than Wordsworth's poetry, contain for the mind that is sick of the idle clamour and meaningless spirit of rebellion of so much of our modern literature, and yet can find no salvation in the idols worshipped in the intellectual market-place." To account for the troublesome fact that the nations and heroes described in "Beowulf," the first English epic, are not English at all, F. W. Moorman advances an ingenious theory, based upon a study of English place-names, that the poem took shape in a Geat colony settled in Yorkshire in the sixth and seventh centuries. With similar but less substantial evidence, Professor Moorman proposes an English origin for the Nibelungen saga in the deeds of an historical Sigemund, leader of a band of Burgundian exiles settling among the Angles in Norfolk: the acceptance of this theory would enable us to reject Müllenhoff's supposition that the Sigemund story in "Beowulf" rests upon a confusion of the interpolator. F. Melian Stawell wrestles valiantly with an interpretation of Shelley's "Triumph of Life," and finds some sidelights for this difficult fragment in the "Trionfi" of Petrarch and Goethe's "Faust." J. C. Smith contributes a "reconsideration" of Emily Brontë with special emphasis upon the mystical element in her imagination. A. Blyth Webster brings up the rear with a discussion of the translation of Old English poetry; and he illustrates his own theory of translation by a rendering of fifty lines of "Beowulf." This specimen version, though not worse than others extant, is unfortunately affected, unidiomatic, and lumbering.

There will, no doubt, always be a demand for compendious histories of the Civil War, brief and popular enough for readers who want only a sketch of the subject, while at the same time sufficiently stored with names, dates, and statistics to be useful for reference. Vernon Blythe's "History of the Civil War in the United States" (Neale; $2 net), though little more than a well-intentioned compilation, will doubtless do something towards satisfying this demand. The publishers express the hope that the book "will be generally used as a textbook throughout the country," and the numerous short chapters and paragraph headings seem to have had that end in view; but we fear that few school courses in history admit of using so large a volume.

Those who are sure that "thus far in human history true national life has eventuated only after war," and that the Civil War, the most striking American illustration as yet of "the ceaseless war between Good and Evil, the Spiritual and the Material, Progress and Retrogression," is like "a volcanic obstruction heaved up in the boundless ocean of Being," against which "the infinite waves of the Great War dash and hurl until the obstacle is torn and washed below the level and disappears," will doubtless revel in the pages of Francis Marshal's "Battle of Gettysburg" (Neale). If they do, the author's "fine writing" and persistent use of the historical present will not repel. The substance of the narrative, fortunately, shows some acquaintance with the subject, and the thirty full-page portraits are good.

Daniel Wait Howe's "Political History of Secession" (Putnam; $3.50 net) is not a work of original research, and does not add substantially to our knowledge of either sectionalism or slavery as causes of the Civil War. The author has, however, made intelligent and skilful use of the better-known secondary authorities, and has produced a book which is, on the whole, one of the most readable and well-balanced histories of the secessionist movement that has appeared. Mr. Howe traces the sectional development of the South from colonial times, but three-fourths of his space is given to the period subsequent to 1850, and the narrative ends with the outbreak of war. Especially interesting are the chapters which discuss the various peace panaceas of 1860-61, and the growth of the war-spirit in the North. The book may be cordially commended to readers for whom the larger works of Von Holst, McMaster, and Rhodes are too voluminous, and who at the same time desire a narrative in which such partisan special pleading as that of Von Holst finds no place.

It is possible to say some good of Arthur Turnbull's "Life of Tennyson" in the Great Writers series (Scribner; $1 net). It is the work of one who loves Tennyson, admires Pope, has read a good many books, and occasionally hits on a comparison that is neat and not trite. But the style is amazing. It sounds like the language of a foreign schoolboy who has only half learned English. And still the lack of idiom, not to say bad grammar, is less annoying than the "fine writing."

"Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare" (Yale University Press; $1.35 net), by Charles D. Stewart, deals with forty of the most perplexing passages in Shakespeare's plays that have hitherto vexed the dramatist's editors and critics. In their prospectus of the present

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work, the publishers are kind enough to inform us that Mr. Stewart has solved these long-standing cruxes "with astounding success." We are told still further that this success is due to the fact that the author possesses "a mind able to follow Shakespeare in his dealings with the deeper currents of *human nature* as it is unfolded in his characters." It will occur to the reader that some of Shakespeare's critics in the past who have puzzled over these same passages have not been altogether destitute of qualifications of this kind. When we come to examine the results of the new exegesis, however, we discover that it has, at least, the advantage of permitting the author to be as discursive as he pleases, so that discussions which would ordinarily make up merely a pamphlet of moderate size here fill out a book. The author's general tendency is to uphold the readings of the original editions, even in the face of the most desperate odds. To do this, he is often compelled to fetch a wide compass—to leave aside the interpretation of the particular words, phrases, or grammatical constructions, and to appeal to some idiosyncrasy of the character concerned or to the spirit of the scene or play as a whole for an explanation of the difficulty. It turns out, however, that the results of the new method are about as unsatisfactory as the results of the old; and there is nothing surprising in this, for there can be no reasonable doubt that most of these cruxes have got into Shakespeare's text through errors of transcription or printing, and there is only too much truth in Professor Johnson's dictum (quoted by Mr. Stewart) that what has not been solved by this time is not likely ever to be solved. The author's strained modes of interpretation sometimes lead him into patent absurdities, as in the case of "Hamlet," IV, 4, 24 ("To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it"), and "Henry VIII," III, 2, 194 ("I do profess that for your highness' good I ever labored more than my own; that am, have and will be"). It is more profitable, however, to point out the six solutions which to the present writer appear to possess more or less plausibility, viz., "Merry Wives of Windsor," V, 5, 172; "Love's Labour's Lost," V, 2, 691; "Henry V," II, 2, 118; "Midsummer Night's Dream," II, 1, 86; "All's Well That Ends Well," III, 2, 113; "As You Like It," V, 4, 4. Apart from these questionable instances, however, the Shakespearean sphinx may well continue to smile unconcernedly at the vain answers of men to the riddles which she has proposed.

Brentanos now issue under their own New York imprint the third edition (1911) of M. A. Mügge's "Friedrich Nietzsche," a work which has the considerable merit of approaching its subject in the spirit neither of heated detraction nor of uncritical commendation, but with an honest intention of determining just what the Nietzschean philosophy is. The life of Nietzsche is related at some length. This is followed by analyses of his works, so far as possible in the language of Nietzsche himself. Mr. Mügge has shown no little skill in reducing the substance of a long formless treatise to the compass of a few pages, but his method has this disadvantage, that one is often uncertain whether a particular sentence is from the original or is the commentator's. A better method, we think, is that adopted by Mr. W. H. Wright in the volume noticed in the *Nation* of March 4. After these summaries Mr. Mügge proceeds to formal criticism of Nietzsche as metaphysician, moralist, poet, and prophet—criticism learned and impartial, but groping and, despite its aphoristic résumé, inconclusive. Scattered through these pages there are many illuminating quotations from other critics. One of these, by Fouillée, is so terse and true that it deserves to be transferred to this column:

> Submitted to a philosophical analysis, the ethics of Nietzsche appear to be resolved into a cloud of contradictions. Everything has its merit, and yet Nietzsche tends towards authority, towards the hierarchy of men. There is no end nor significance of things, and yet Nietzsche wishes the Superman to become the aim and significance of the earth. Nothing is true, yet it is necessary to find, or invent, true estimates. Everything passes away and returns, and yet something must be created which has never existed. Egoism is the foundation of all life, and yet we should put into practice the great love which is the basis of the complete life; austerity is the law, yet one should have great compassion; pleasure is the motive power of vitality, and yet one should wish for suffering. All passions are beneficial, yet one should hold them in check, and submit them to a rigid discipline. There is no ideal, and yet one should sacrifice everything, even one's own self, to a life which is higher, fuller, richer—the ideal life. Moreover, it would be a vain sacrifice, for no one is able to change realities, nor to make them deviate towards any ideal whatever.

After all the talk about Nietzsche, that is the sum of him as a thinker. As a poet his inspiration is an exasperated egotism; as a critic of other men and other systems, and as a maker of isolated epigrams, he is often profound and almost always clever. And though this is not formally Mr. Mügge's estimate of Nietzsche, it is, we think, the conclusion to which most readers will come after reading Mr. Mügge's own pages. A full, but uncritical, bibliography closes the volume. This is valuable, but the lists of authorities at the head of the various chapters are of little use. They do not, for instance, enable the reader to know from which of Fouillée's works, as these are listed in the general bibliography, the quotation just repeated is taken—a point on which the present reviewer, at least, would like to be informed.

The seventh volume of the South Dakota "Historical Collections" (Pierre) contains material of more than local interest. Students of Western history will welcome Mr. Charles E. DeLand's study of the explorations of the La Vérendryes which led to the planting of a leaden tablet on the site of the present village of Fort Pierre in 1743. The discovery of this important historical memorial was noticed at some length in the *Nation* of July 16, 1914. Mr. DeLand has traced, in great detail, a story which constitutes a fascinating chapter in the history of what may be termed the search for the Western Sea. Mr. Benjamin Sulte, the French-Canadian historian, and Mr. Doane Robinson have contributed many valuable notes to Mr. DeLand's monograph, which is supported by documents reprinted from Margry and Canadian Archives Reports. Several letters from M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, giving an interpretation of the inscription rudely scratched upon the leaden plate, are also appended. Another contribution of worth is a journal kept by Jean Baptiste Trudeau (or Truteau, as he generally writes his name), 1794-5, with copious annotation by Mr. Doane Robinson. The journal, reprinted from the "Collections" of the Missouri Historical Society and the *American Historical Review*, sheds much light on an early period of South Dakotan history. Mr. Robinson has freely availed himself of the notes by former editors. The manuscript of this volume should have been more carefully prepared for the printer, and the proofreading could have been done more expertly. The transcontinental explorer's name frequently appears as "Clarke," and the name of Radisson's brother-in-law, Groseilliers, is repeatedly printed "Grosseillier" and "Groseillier." Many other similar lapses have been noted. But some knowledge of the large amount of work accomplished by the South Dakota Department of History, with a niggardly appropriation, wins one to tolerance of these minor blemishes. It is to be hoped that the State will soon support, with a degree of liberality, a really important branch of its work.

W. G. Dodd's "Courtly Love in Chaucer and Gower" (Ginn; $2), the first volume of the Harvard Studies in English, exhibits the largeness of view and the humanness of philological research which characterize the second volume of this promising series (reviewed in the *Nation* of August 6). It is informing in its thoroughgoing study of the general influences of the mediæval conceptions of courtly love on Gower and Chaucer, and stimulating and suggestive in its sensible analysis of Pandarus, Troilus, and Criseyde, the three main characters of Chaucer's greatest love poem. As one might expect, Mr. Dodd dwells most on Gower's "Confessio Amantis" and Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde." In his study of the "Confessio," the author points out in detail the qualities of the courtly lover which illustrate what he calls in the first chapter the "classical," the "ecclesiastical," and the "feudal" conceptions in the worship of the deity of love. This section of the book adds interestingly to our understanding of the close relations in mediæval literature of the service of the god of love and of the Christian deity. Mr. Dodd's discussion of the "Confessio" emphasizes, in connection with the view which we have later of the author of the "Troilus," the striking difference between these two contemporary poets in their treatment of the love material. Gower is here shown to apply mechanically the familiar doctrines and ideas of romantic love; as a practical moralist, he would not be expected to enlarge on the ideal conceptions of mediæval love service. The moral Gower is seemingly most interested in the application of the Sins *motif* to the experiences of the courtly lover.

Chaucer, on the contrary, accepts faithfully the conventions of this world of courtly love, and endeavors, in his "Troilus and Criseyde," to present sympathetically to his circle of courtly readers the tragic story of two of the most celebrated lovers of antiquity. Whether or no we agree with Dodd in saying (page 141) that "Chaucer's primary interest in his mature productions is in characterization," we must admit that in this one work at least the poet has given us a patient, consistent delineation of a typical hero and heroine of courtly love and of a faithful friend and go-between. In his treatment of these characters, as in his adoption of other literary conventions of the time, Chaucer shows himself to be a representative literary figure of the middle ages. The touch of a supreme artist alone distinguishes a Troilus or a Criseyde from a conventional hero or heroine of court-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly love; and the touch of the master's hand reveals itself in these two characters, as also in Pandarus, in greater humanization, not in a strikingly independent conception. Especially is this apparent in the character of Criseyde. Disagreeing with critics who would represent her as a virtuous woman seduced by treachery, or as calculating and designing, or as inordinately amorous, or as changed in character after her meeting with Diomede, Dodd rightly shows that her actions are in accord with the traditions of the circle of courtly lovers in which she moved; that, therefore, she "knew to what end her *amour* with Troilus tended"; and that furthermore her crime consists not "in her yielding to Troilus, but in her unfaithfulness to him." The book is carefully edited; and the style is mature and unpedantic.

Prof. Charles Wesley Bain, A.M., LL.D., head of the department of Greek at the University of North Carolina, died at Chapel Hill, N. C., on March 16. Professor Bain was the editor of several classical books and a contributor of articles on classical subjects to various journals. He was a teacher of rare ability, an exact scholar in the fields of Greek literature and Greek and Latin syntax. He received his college training at the University of Virginia and at the University of the South, where he was for some time headmaster of the Grammar School. Later, he occupied the chair of classics at the University of South Carolina, which he resigned in 1910 to accept the professorship of Greek at the University of North Carolina.

John Albee, poet and author, who died on March 24, was born at Bellingham, Mass., on April 3, 1833, the son of John and Esther Thayer Albee. He graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, in 1854, and from Harvard Divinity School in 1858. During his student days he was a frequent visitor at the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord, and saw much of the Alcotts and of Thoreau. Soon after leaving Cambridge, Mr. Albee married Harriet Ryan, founder of the Channing Home in Boston. Among his works are "Prose Idylls," "Remembrances of Emerson," "Poems," "Literary Art," "History of New Castle," and "Confessions of Boyhood."

Morgan Robertson, the author, who died on March 24, was known chiefly for his tales of the sea. He was born on September 30, 1861, in Oswego, N. Y., the son of Andrew and Ruth Glassford Robertson. He was educated in the public schools and at Cooper Institute, New York city, and when sixteen years of age he ran away to sea on a square-rigged vessel that sailed around the world. He shipped as a cabin-boy, and at the age of twenty-one became a mate and a pilot. It was this experience which gave Mr. Robertson material for many of his stories. In 1886 he left the sea and went back to Oswego, where he became a watchmaker and diamond-setter. He followed this trade until 1894, when failing eyesight forced him to give it up. It was some two years later that his first short story, "The Destruction of the Unfit," appeared, to be followed thereafter by a constant succession of stories of the sea. Among the titles of his published volumes may be mentioned "A Tale of a Halo," 1894; "Spun Yarn," 1898; "Futility," 1898; "Where Angels Fear to Tread," 1899; "Masters of Men," 1901; "Shipmates," 1901, and "Down to the Sea," 1905.

Science

A number of correspondents of *Nature* report that the battle in the North Sea on January 24 was accompanied by much disturbance among pheasants in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and even in Cumberland. The disturbance was noticeable between 9:45 and 10:30 A. M., that is, as we know from Sir David Beattie's report, at the time when the Blücher received its principal injuries before sinking. In woods near Burgh-le-Marsh, in Lincolnshire, the guns were heard simultaneously with the crowing of the pheasants. Canon Rawnsley, who has collected many reports on the subject, infers that "the pheasant's ear is capable of receiving impressions from sound waves that the human ear cannot respond to," but Dr. Davison suggests that the disturbance might be caused by the sudden swaying of low trees and undergrowth during the passages of the air-waves. He directs attention to the fact that, during a naval review at Cherbourg on July 18, 1900, reports were heard for 107 miles.

Dr. W. C. Sabine publishes an account of a recent lecture to the Franklin Institute of great practical utility in architectural acoustics. It was based on an investigation of a lecture hall at Harvard University, in which an ordinary spoken word remained audible for about 5½ seconds. At first the absorption was found only for a note of the pitch of violin C, but later extended for three octaves in either sense. By introducing more and more cushions into the room a curve was plotted connecting the quantity of absorbing material with the duration of the sound, and this was proved to be approximately a rectangular hyperbola. Another curve shows that absorption increased with pitch. An interesting feature is the diagram showing the distribution of sound-intensity in a room with a barrel-shaped ceiling; and though the curves look remarkably complicated, the author finds that it is easy to observe maxima and points of zero intensity. In conclusion, the author says: "While these several factors, reverberation, interference, and echo, in an auditorium at all complicated are themselves complicated, nevertheless they are capable of an exact solution, or, at least, of a solution as accurate as are the architect's plans in actual construction. It is entirely possible to calculate in advance of construction whether or not an auditorium will be good, and if not, to determine the factors contributing to its poor acoustics and a method for their correction."

The name of Anna Palmer Draper, who died on December 8, 1914, widow of Dr. Henry Draper, will always be honorably associated with the science of astronomy; and it is interesting to note that the wives of two of the men connected with the origins of the newest development in this science played such important parts in the careers of their husbands. Sir William Huggins, who first applied the spectroscope to the stars, found in his wife, the talented Margaret Lindsay,* an enthusiastic and capable co-worker during years of incessant labor. Dr. Draper was also fortunate when, in 1867, he married Mary Anna, the gifted daughter of Courtlandt Palmer; for Mrs. Draper not only was her husband's associate in his investigations, but after his untimely death in 1882 she was able to provide effectively for the continuance of his work. Dr. Draper had become especially interested in astronomy in 1857, while attending the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, and he was invited by the Earl of Rosse to visit Birr Castle, Parsonstown, to see the famous six-foot reflector. So great was the impression made on him by this giant telescope that, in 1867, he built one for himself, a reflector twenty-eight inches in diameter, in his private observatory at Hastings-on-Hudson. Mrs. Draper always accompanied him to the observatory, and in those days of the wet plate process, her own deft hands invariably coated the glass with the collodion. Dr. Draper, experimenting with stellar spectra in 1872, was the first to photograph the spectrum of Vega, four years before Huggins obtained a few dark lines in the spectrum of this star. In 1878, Dr. Draper organized an eclipse expedition to Wyoming, and Mrs. Draper's special duty was to count the seconds during totality. Lest the vision might unnerve her, she was stationed within a tent: here she sat patiently and accurately calling out the seconds while the awe-inspiring spectacle was unfolded. Among many other astronomical phenomena which she observed were the transit of Mercury in 1878, and another total eclipse of the sun, in Virginia, in 1900, on which occasion Miss Cannon, of Harvard, her biographer, accompanied her.

In 1885, three years after her husband's death, Mrs. Draper decided to found the Henry Draper memorial, and she gave generous sums each year for its prosecution, always taking keen personal interest in it. Until deterred by failing health, she visited Harvard Observatory regularly, and personally inspected the progress of the work, giving advice about matters of policy. All peculiar or new types of stellar spectra were submitted to her, and she often exclaimed with girlish eagerness, "How interesting it must be to do it!" Mrs. Draper was a friend to many scientific men and frequently gave elaborate entertainments in her spacious home on Madison Avenue, New York. The old laboratory was fitted up as a lecture or exhibition room, seating two hundred people. Here many famous men came to lecture to scientific societies and invited guests, and there were frequent exhibitions when she entertained such societies as the National Academy or the American Astronomical Society. The results of the Henry Draper Memorial have been varied. The first catalogue, giving the spectra of a large number of stars, was published in 1890, and called the Draper Catalogue. It contained over ten thousand spectra. Following closely were detailed discussions of about 5,000 spectra of the brighter northern and southern stars. In 1911, observations were commenced for the new Draper Catalogue, which will contain the spectra of at least 200,000 stars, situated over the entire sky. This is Miss Cannon's especial work, for which she has received the high honor of election to the Royal Astronomical Society of London. In course of the Draper Memorial work, various discoveries have been made: ten novæ, more than 300 variable stars, many gaseous nebulæ, and a large number of peculiar spectra. Among results of large significance may be mentioned the establishment of the order of stellar evolution, and such discoveries as the connection between a star's variability and changes in its spectrum, and the existence of binary stars so close together that the spectroscope alone is capable of revealing their true character.

*We regret to record the death of Lady Huggins, on March 25, after this note was already in type.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

Various attempts have been made to put "Alice" on the stage, and not one of them has been altogether successful; nor is it possible to imagine how the attempt could succeed. At the best, such a production must be a series of isolated scenes, unconnected save by the personality of Alice. There is a vast difference between staging a dream and presenting a stage dream. In the latter case author and producer are their own masters; they may evolve the dream according to their own intelligence and the dictates of dramatic requirements; but to present a dream just as it was actually dreamt, that is a different matter. There is nothing dramatic about the thing: no ordered sequence, or climax, or consistent characterization. Lewis Carroll's work has just this impalpable quality that belongs to dreams, and it is as discouraging to attempt to reproduce it in concrete form as it is to write down in cold black and white the sequence of a dream.

The Playgoers' Producing Company is responsible for the latest attempt, at the Booth Theatre, to put "Alice" on the stage, and Miss Alice Gerstenberg has prepared the version used, drawing upon both "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice in the Looking-Glass." If the result fails to come up to our desires, it is not the adapter but the material that is principally to blame, and we must criticise not so much the way in which the work has been done as the fact that it has been done at all. So far as Miss Gerstenberg's efforts go, there can be little but praise. She has shown a most scrupulous respect for the text of Lewis Carroll, has displayed not a little ingenuity in the opening scene (although one may ask why, if the "Reverend" at all, not the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, instead of the Rev. Lewis Carroll?), and on the whole her selection of the episodes presented has been judicious—although one regrets the omission, doubtless on account of physical difficulties, of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Furthermore, it would seem that, if ever a production of "Alice in Wonderland" had an opportunity of being satisfying, it should be the present one, for in little Miss Vivian Tobin has been found an ideal Alice, on whose performance it would be almost impossible to improve. She is Alice to the life, the Alice both of Carroll and of Tenniel, and the whole characterization is absolutely free from the self-consciousness that mars the impersonations of most child-actors.

In spite of all, the production becomes tiresome, and one very much doubts whether children will find it more absorbing than adults. Despite the difficulties with which they are presented, the actors cannot be wholly absolved from blame. The present writer has always fancied that the late Mr. Dodgson would be somewhat astonished—must in his lifetime have been often astonished—at the amazingly subtle implications that have been discovered in his delicious piece of fooling. Naturally, no intelligent person could write a work of that description without incorporating into it some of his own observations of life, if only for his private satisfaction, but the interpretation of Lewis Carroll as a person with his tongue in his cheek and one eye on an adult public, while he deceives an innocent child into thinking that this subtle satire is the most delightful fooling she has ever imagined, would be detestable if it were not merely absurd. But this, we fear, is the impression that some of those who take part in the present production have got of Lewis Carroll; or, if not that, then they have been unable to resist the common temptation of the actor to read into the lines more than was ever dreamt of in the philosophy of the author. The present writer remembers once hearing an actor declare that the outstanding feature of the character of the Mad Hatter was its unutterable pathos, and that is apparently the note that Geoffrey Stein in his impersonation endeavored to strike. To a less degree it was also sounded by Fred W. Permain's March Hare. The result was that the mad tea party was rather a melancholy meal, and a jolly interchange of nonsense became fraught with an elusive, but apparently sinister, meaning. One cannot, at any rate, imagine a child being greatly exhilarated by it, and, after all, "Alice in Wonderland" was written for children. For the rest, the characters were fairly well played, and the staging and mechanical arrangements were adequate. Surely, though, a little more ingenuity might have been displayed in envisaging the Cheshire Cat.

S. W.

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."

In "The Doctor's Dilemma," which Mr. Granville Barker presented on Friday evening of last week to a large audience at Wallack's Theatre, Mr. Shaw has come near to accomplishing what one may presume to be his ideal. He has never written with quite such gusto as in his dramatic prefaces, and "The Doctor's Dilemma" is in effect only a glorified preface, divided up into acts. It has all of the inedited garrulousness with which he so delights to introduce his plays. By a skilful stroke he has hit upon a subject which to the casual playgoer would seem to warrant three hours and a half of mere talkativeness. Of dramatic situations in any real sense there are but two, that which gives the play its title, and the death of the young artist who is the victim of the medical experiments. But both of these, which are in the highest degree theatrical, might better have been left out, and the play concluded in the manner in which it began—a highly entertaining essay on the uncertainty of medical practice.

It goes without saying that the particular profession held up to merriment could not rightly regard this play as an ugly lampoon. Exaggeration there had to be for the purpose of contrast, but this apart, the fads and disagreements of doctors are, as every doctor knows, not only a necessity in a profession which depends for progress so much upon empirical methods, but also a legitimate object of satire. Now, Shaw, for his own good reasons, has espoused the extreme view held at least once in her life by every woman—and repeatedly by many a woman—that she never yet saw a doctor who knew anything. To presume that he intended more than this is to press him too hard. Yet the temptation to do so is great, and the reason for it is to be found in the very perversity of his great talent; for, in spite of Shaw's care to be nonsensical, the serious spectator cannot avoid the thought that some vigorous editing of this material would have turned it into a really vital production. Which is to say that the spectator imputes his own seriousness to the irresponsible author, and thus makes him bring upon the medical profession a much more sober judgment than was intended.

The types of the play are well selected to illustrate the fallacies aimed at. Sir Colenso Ridgeon has, it is thought, discovered a serum which is the specific for tuberculosis, and in consequence of this has just been knighted. It is the fixed idea of Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Bonnington that all that is necessary to cure disease is to "stimulate the phagocytes." To Mr. Cutler Walpole any ailment can be removed by a surgical operation; nine persons out of ten are suffering from blood-poisoning, and should have their nuciform sacs cut out. Contrasting with these faddists are Sir Patrick Cullen, an aged practitioner of the old school, who can bluntly demonstrate that the new doctrines are but variations of views well known in the days of his father, and Dr. Blenkinsop, a humble worker among the poor, whose proof of honesty is his small fees.

For at least one person in the audience it was fun enough to hear these three specialists and their foils discoursing. But something more was, of course, needed to present the semblance of a play. So we have the doctor's dilemma, which, in brief, is as follows: Jennifer, wife of a poor, eccentric artist, Dubedat, who has consumption, implores Sir Colenso Ridgeon to receive him as a patient. Ridgeon, a bachelor, is much taken with her beauty, and so far relents of his initial refusal that he urges her to come with her husband to a stag dinner to be given to some doctor friends. There the fate of Dubedat shall be decided. But at this dinner it transpires in most amusing fashion that the artist is a rascal and a bigamist, and that the poor Dr. Blenkinsop is himself a victim of tuberculosis. Ridgeon has room at his hospital for but one more. Which shall it be—his friend or the husband of the woman with whom he is infatuated? This is but a part of the dilemma, and he decides in favor of the friend. The rest has to do with his duty as to furnishing Sir Ralph Bonnington, who later agrees to assume Dubedat's case, with serum, suspecting as he does that only when it is administered by him will it cure. To that extent, at least, he will be guilty, for by now he is genuinely in love with Jennifer. His suspicions are borne out. Sir Ralph, choosing the wrong time to inject the serum, has stimulated, not the phagocytes, but the germs, and the patient sinks in a long-drawn-out scene to death, having first urged his wife to marry again. Ridgeon waits a decent time for his chance; but when he approaches Jennifer he discovers that her intuitions concerning him have been so sound that she has married some one else. This death-scene, though well enough enacted, was wholly uncalled for. Dubedat had had his say in the preceding act.

Concerning the performance in general, it may be said that the acting was of a high order. O. P. Heggie and Arnold Lucy showed to excellent advantage as, respectively, the phagocyte and nuciform-sac experts. Lionel Braham decidedly looked the part of the old Sir Patrick Cullen, but his enunciation is not at all distinct, a remark, by the way, which applies to several other members of the company. Ian Maclaren made a good Sir Colenso, and Miss Lillah McCarthy was adequate in certain portions of the play, as in the death scene, but lacked variety both in gesture and in voice.

F.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

THE CONCERT SEASON IN NEW YORK.

One curious effect of the war abroad has been to aid the survival of the fittest in music. Those of the prominent singers and players who remained were in considerable demand, whereas the minor musicians completely vanished. Most of them came to America, in the hope of obtaining a footing here, but they were grievously disappointed, not only because their excessive number glutted the market, but because the great artists also came over, and gave more recitals and concerts than usual. Altogether, nearly two hundred solo singers, pianists, violinists, and violoncellists of the first and second ranks have been heard in New York since October. Probably all but two dozen of these would have profited by following the advice of the witty Moritz Rosenthal, who, when another pianist was wondering how he could put away some money in the bank, answered: "Give fewer recitals."

While minor musicians have thus been discouraged, those of the singers and players in whom the public is interested have had an exceptionally prosperous season. The same is true of the orchestral associations, at least in New York. The ten concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall and the five in Brooklyn were all given to audiences that occupied every seat in the house. The New York Symphony Orchestra has been enabled by the munificence of Harry Harkness Flagler to enlarge its field of activity and to get better results. In Greater New York alone its concerts have numbered thirty-five this season, and it is officially announced that "although $14,000 more than last year was expended on the orchestra, the total receipts for the eight Friday and sixteen Sunday afternoon performances show an increase of more than 17 per cent. over the preceding year."

The Philharmonic, which closed its seventy-third season last Saturday, announces officially that this has been "the most successful in the entire history of the Society." Of the eighty-three concerts given, fifty-four were in New York and Brooklyn. When Joseph Pulitzer left what now approximates a million to this organization, one of the conditions was that there must be at least a thousand subscribers. At first it seemed difficult to meet that condition, but to-day there are more than three thousand subscribers for the Thursday evening and Friday and Saturday afternoon concerts, thanks, partly, to the excellence of the orchestra, which is no longer inferior to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in make-up or training; partly to the enthusiasm, ability, and emotional temperament of its conductor, Josef Stransky, and largely, also, to its varied and admirably constructed programmes, from which good music is not excluded simply because it happens to be popular.

As a programme-maker, Mr. Stransky is preëminent. He gives the American public (the Philharmonic every year makes a tour of a number of cities) a chance to hear more of the best music than any other orchestral leader. He is not hampered but helped by the wish expressed by Joseph Pulitzer that the programmes be not made too severely classical, and that his three favorite composers — Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt—be heard frequently. How this injunction has been carried out is shown by the fact that during this season there have been thirty-eight performances of fourteen compositions by Beethoven, seventy-seven of twenty-one works by Wagner, and twenty-one of seven works by Liszt. Other composers particularly favored by the conductor and his audiences were Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Grieg, Brahms, Schubert, and Dvorák.

The number of orchestral novelties produced during the season was neither large nor noteworthy. The Boston Orchestra brought with it only two works that had not been played here before: Reznicek's "Schlehmil" and a fantasy for oboe and orchestra by D'Indy. The Philharmonic list was larger; it included Hadley's "Lucifer," Hinton's "Endymion," Korngold's "Sinfonietta," Ropartz's fourth symphony, Stojowski's suite, opus 9, Burck's "Meditation," Lausella's "Prelude and Temple Dance." Walter Damrosch's programmes for the concerts of the New York Symphony Society included these novelties: Percy Grainger's British Folk Song Dances, Suk's Scherzo Fantastique, Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," Roger Ducasse's "Le Joli Jeu de Furet," Florent Schmitt's "Reflets d'Allemagne." As a programme-maker, Mr. Damrosch has long been held in high esteem; his interpretations, unfortunately, fail too often to rise above mediocrity. The weak point of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so far as New York is concerned, lies in its programmes, of which there has been much criticism, even by the stanchest supporters of that admirable organization. It is to be regretted that Dr. Muck did not carry out his intention of performing Liszt's "Faust" in New York. Although this symphony is a battle-horse of Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic, it would have been interesting to hear Dr. Muck's reading of it, all the more as he has exclusive possession of Liszt's last revision of the score, given to him by Cosima Wagner. It was not the expense of bringing a chorus from Boston that frustrated this plan, but the conductor's objection to the organ in Carnegie Hall.

Apart from the three orchestras referred to, there are several others which give occasional concerts. If we include the Sunday evening concerts given at the Metropolitan during the season, we get a number of orchestral concerts approximating 150. This is altogether too much even for the second largest city in the world. One wonders whether Rosenthal's advice does not apply to orchestras as well as to concert pianists and singers.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

A Critique of Criticism

PART II.

AN APPEAL TO THOSE WHO AIM TO GUIDE US TO A FULLER APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY.

By HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

III.

The suggested general critical principle to which Mr. Scott* would have us turn in our estimate of architectural values is one which has been brought into prominence of late years by the German æsthetician, Theodor Lipps. Having had its vogue in the land of its birth, it is now spreading its influence among those of Anglo-Saxon mode of thought, mainly through the writings of the versatile Vernon Lee. It is founded upon what Lipps called the principle of *Einfühlung*. He would have us believe, as Sully puts it, that "the free play of a life-giving fancy constitutes a vital element in all æsthetic contemplation"; that "this vitalizing activity of the fancy is the essential element of our æsthetic enjoyment of material objects." We are thus asked to look for the basis of our sense of beauty in the sympathetic introjection of ourselves, as it were, into the object that yields the æsthetic experience—to the unconscious or half-conscious transfer of our own function to the object—or, to use the newer terminology, to the *humanizing* of what we find beautiful.

This general theory must, of course, be brought to the test by its application to the special arts, and Mr. Scott, in his final chapters, indicates the general manner in which he hopes to apply it to the art of architecture. He tells us, for instance, that we feel the building to be top-heavy, the arch to spring, the dome to swell, the spire to soar, because "we transcribe architecture into terms of ourselves," this being "the humanism of architecture"; and then urges that "the tendency to project the image of our functions into concrete forms is the basis, for architecture, of creative design," and that "the tendency to recognize, in concrete forms, the image of those functions is the true basis, in its turn, of critical appreciation."

We have here, then, an example of the mode of application of this supposed general principle which may aid us in our effort to comprehend its import and to test its validity; but before we undertake this task we may well attempt to gain a more general impression of the theory in its broader scope. Lipps has certainly been able to show that in a great number of the experiences of the sense of beauty men of a studious and introspective type are able to observe the sympathetic introjection of themselves into the objective situation. He thus calls our attention to the importance of this anthropo-

*The Architecture of Humanism. By Geoffrey Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morphic mode of interpretation as an element in the æsthetic experience of the highly sophisticated man, and even of the unsophisticated but reflective man who is subject to the complex influences that surround us today. Surely, however, the theory fails as an all-inclusive principle unless it appears that this introjection is not merely upon occasion an æsthetic element that must not be lost sight of, but is of the very essence of all experience of the sense of beauty. But this is clearly not the case. For, in the first place, it is evident, upon the most cursory examination, that this *Einfühlung* is an attitude assumed by us in many cases that do not involve any appreciation of beauty whatever; it is found in our observation of the ugly as well as of the beautiful forms given us in nature or in art. And this, of course, means that the æsthetic introjection is a special type of this *Einfühlung*, and therefore that this introjection in itself cannot be the essential basis of the æsthetic experience. But beyond this we find many instances where the appreciation of beauty seems, in the nature of the case, to lack all relation to this self-introjection. Think of the beauty of some one star in the deep blue of the heavens: surely this is inexplicable in terms of this introjection of our functional experience. Or, taking a more complex instance, consider the æsthetic delight found by the male in what Burke describes as "that part of a beautiful woman where she is perhaps the most beautiful, about the neck and breasts." Surely, it is impossible for one who does not blind himself by special pleading to hold that in this case the appreciation of beauty is due to the male's imaginative introjection of himself into the functioning of the parts of the female form that thus beguile him.

If the principle proves inadequate when thus viewed in its broader aspects, it fails equally when applied to the special field of architecture where its defenders are now asking us to look for its most distinct exemplification. It is true that close study enables many of us to discover a sense of self-introjection into the architectural element that we find beautiful—into the sturdy column, the soaring spire, the springing arch. But it is surely equally true that this same sense of introjection is discoverable when we observe the column, and arch, and spire, that fail altogether to yield the sense of beauty; and this fact suffices to induce the feeling that we are being trifled with by those who would, with labored effort, trace this characteristic where it is not appreciably felt. It is clearly, then, the quality of beauty that leads us to cling to that special form of sympathetic introjection which we find in a large number of architectural elements; and not the sympathetic introjection in itself that yields their beauty. How, then, can we listen with patience when we are told, as Mr. Scott tells us, that in our "tendency to project the image of our functions into concrete forms" we should find "the true basis of critical appreciation." The newly discovered "principle" shows its hollowness upon the first touch of just such weapons as the author has so effectively employed in displaying the weaknesses of the various narrow modes of architectural criticism to which I have above referred. It is of the very essence of the architectural masterpiece that it display beauty. Or, to use the words the author quotes from Wotton, "Well building" must add to "commodity and firmness" the quality of "delight." And this is true not only in relation to architecture, but in relation to all the arts. If symbolism, constructional and purposive expression, ethical and religious suggestion, happen to be in themselves æsthetic, they each and all go to add to the summation of delights that yields the appreciation of beauty. The same, but no more, can be said also of the sympathetic functionings of which this humanistic theory makes so much. But, on the other hand, neither a form in nature nor a creation of art will yield this sense of beauty merely because its contemplation involves such symbolization as romanticism demands, nor because it expresses structure or purpose, nor because it suggests ethical or religious ideals; no, nor even, as our "humanists" would contend, because we appreciate in it something with which we are functionally sympathetic.

IV.

If this newly presented "principle" of æsthetic criticism fails us, as have the many others suggested by the critics of the past, are we not led to wonder why it is that, undismayed by these failures, we still seek for some such all-inclusive formula; and to ask whether these failures may not be the outcome of some deep-seated error of thought on the part of those who persist in this quest? If we study the cruder forms of such proposed principles we seem to find them born of the longing to discover a royal road of approach to the realm of beauty; and if we look closely this same ultimate end may be traced even in their subtlest forms. We find it even in that most dignified of all such principles, "the unities" prescribed to the writers of the Greek drama; and, again, in the more modern conceptions of the importance of the emphasis of harmony, or of unity in variety, or of the unification of the manifold of the German idealists: all of them seem to bear a more or less close relation to the practice of the artist. And this observation leads us to ask whether the theorists may not have attempted to gain the unattainable. Is it not true that, in the very nature of the case, such principles of artistic functioning can have but negative value, and that we have been illogically giving them positive significance? Are we warranted in saying more than that the drama which does not observe "the unities" is less likely to satisfy æsthetic demands than one that does? Can we hold more than that disharmony, and monotony, and lack of unification of manifoldness are essentially non-æsthetic and should therefore be avoided in our effort to attain beauty? Can we tell the artist more than that he may best insure the elimination of these non-æsthetic elements if he strives for harmony, and variety in unity, and the unification of the manifold? When we have discovered such negative principles we have indeed gained no little ground; but we must ever keep in mind the fact that they serve merely to give us warning lest we stray into misleading paths in our quest for beauty; that they indicate to us no royal road. That this is true is seen in the very experience of the artist himself who almost uniformly finds these theoretical principles of no avail, ignoring them where he does not reject them with irritation.

And when we study the matter from the psychological point of view, upon which our modern humanists would lay so much stress, we easily see why this must be so, if, as Mr. Scott agrees in relation to architecture, it is of the very essence of any beautiful object that it should yield "delight." For the psychologist will assure us that in the very nature of pleasure we find the basis of our difficulty. He will ask us to note that any special form of pleasure is in itself markedly evanescent; and, on the other hand, that pleasure, as Spencer puts it, is "a feeling which we strive to bring into consciousness and to maintain there." If, then, we once discover a rule by which we may gain a pleasure, we are at once led to repeat the stimulation that yields it. But in this very act we tend to defeat our object. We attempt to gain by repetition that which rapidly fades away under repetitious stimulation. Now, if this is true of elementary pleasures, it is *a fortiori* true of those richer delights that are essential to the very existence of beauty. If we discover a rule or principle by following which we gain for the moment some form of æsthetic delight, then we tend by nature to follow this rule —to apply this principle—repetitiously, and to the destruction of the very source of the delight. It is for this reason that the true artist feels himself convinced that his creations must step beyond rule and principle. He is a discoverer, an inventor, a prophet who by chance, and to our good fortune, has found a path which has brought us to some newly discovered abode of beauty; a path which he is unable to define, and which, if clearly defined, would lead us to a realm from which beauty would speedily flee away.

If these considerations have their application to the functioning of the artist, they have their value to the critic as well; for they show him that his criticism is bound to be at fault just in so far as he bases it on any other principle than that which looks to the satisfaction of this æsthetic delight. He should, to be sure, as one who has made himself acquainted with the thoughtful studies of his predecessors, feel it his privilege to point out to the artist-creator such failures in his work as might have been avoided had he listened to the warnings given in the negative principles above referred to; to urge, for instance, that if his work is to yield fullest satisfaction, he cannot afford to violate "the unities," or to forget the values of harmony and of the binding of the manifold elements with which he deals into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a unity. And he should feel it a like privilege to guide the less learned and less appreciative to a sense of those fuller values that make their appeal only to one whose sensibilities are trained by careful observation and thought. On the other hand, he should be ever ready to welcome any source of beauty; he should acclaim that form of art that brings in fullest measure the delight that beauty yields, and that yields it to those whose appreciation is fullest and most intimate. He should hail an artist who gives promise of creating such a form of delight in any manner whatsoever; whether it be by means of the observation of the unities, by the suggestions of harmony, or unity in variety, or the unification of the manifold; by symbolism, or the suggestion of vital or even mechanical forces, or of human purpose; by the emphasis of noble ethical and religious impulses; by the suggestion of the efforts of our forefathers as recorded in academic tradition; yes, even by the imaginative introjection of our own functioning into the objects we observe. But even as the artist must fail if he trust only to such rules and principles as these, and ceases to concentrate his attention upon the leadings of his muse, so must the critic fail of efficiency who is guided in his thought, and who would guide others, by any other fundamental principle than that which lays stress upon the breadth and permanence of æsthetic delight.

Finance

INFERENCES FROM THE RUSSIAN VICTORY.

It has occasionally been remarked, in the past few months, that the Stock Exchange was not responding very intelligibly to news from the European campaign. There was certainly some ground for arguing, in the first two months of 1915, that emphatic movements of prices (as in the "January rise") were based wholly on events in our own home situation. But it could be answered, then at any rate, that nothing of high importance was happening in the war.

Military deadlock in the trenches along Belgium's frontier would not unreasonably be reflected by financial deadlock on the Stock Exchange. When important war news began to come, however, later on, the Stock Exchange instantly reflected it. On February 25, when the Allied fleets began bombarding the forts of the Dardanelles, a rise in prices started which continued for nine consecutive business days, and which advanced the active stocks 2 to 5 points. A slow reaction followed, for Constantinople did not fall; but when, on Monday of last week, the news arrived of the surrender of Austria's great Galician fortress and its garrison of 120,000 men, a three-day rise in stocks, with Tuesday's 617,000-share trading much the largest of any day since the Stock Exchange reopened and with prices advanced 3 to 5 points in the leading shares, was Wall Street's comment on it.

Both of these movements followed the precedent fixed in the early stages of the war, that markets would respond favorably to every German reverse and unfavorably to every German success. Even when the Stock Exchange was closed, foreign exchange and the wheat market followed that principle in their reception of the fall of Namur, the advance to the Marne, the retreat to the Aisne, and the capture of Antwerp. They did so, then as now, not because of any sentiment for one side as against the other, but because of a belief, never once shaken since August 1, that every German victory would only serve to prolong the war, whereas any decisive victory by the Allies must bring peace nearer.

No doubt, last week's extraordinary figures of the country's whole foreign trade for February were of themselves enough to cause a rise in stocks at any time; because, although Washington's preliminary figures had been most remarkable, nevertheless the final statement for the month so far overtopped even the official estimates as to strike the imagination forcibly. As a matter of fact, however, the forward movement on the Stock Exchange was under way, on a large scale of activity, before the trade report was published. In the mind of Wall Street, at any rate, there was no question as to the immediate cause for the advance. It was the fall of Peremysl.

Predictions of speedy conclusion of the war always follow a rising market nowadays; it seems to need falling prices to direct attention to the obstacles in the way of that happy outcome. In this latest instance, there was at least more warrant in the news for such predictions than there was when the ships opened fire on the Dardanelles. Activity and expectancy on the Stock Exchange may be looked for, now that the campaign is no longer subject to the winter deadlock. We shall probably find the market moving, hereafter, not only in response to subsequent monthly returns of export trade, or to estimates of the winter-wheat crop, but to news of the plans and moves of Italy and Rumania, the policy of Austria, the further fortunes of the Russian army, and the strategic programme on the Western fighting-line.

Still, in so far as the date for ending the war is an overruling influence, there will probably be a good deal of hasty presumption and a good deal of incidental disappointment. There are other points of view than ours; as one may judge from the rather startling statement of Dr. Delbrück, writing from Berlin to the April *Atlantic* under date January 6, and assuring the American public that "as affairs now stand, it is probably apparent, even to the foreigner, that Germany and Austria will be victorious." That the Kaiser himself, as quoted by Herr Ballin in last Saturday's cables from Berlin, should declare himself "certain that the war will end with Germany victorious," was necessarily to be expected in a public statement from such a source; but that any responsible person should insist, as Delbrück does, that neutral observers all hold the same belief, is specially interesting as reflecting what must still be the feeling of Germany's home population. It shows, at all events, that all the world is not yet drawing conclusions wholly in line with Wall Street, as to the time and manner of restoring peace.

The newspapers and the Stock Exchange will be hearing much more of these conflicting judgments, as the lines tighten in the spring campaign. One prediction, of more than ordinary interest because of its calm and dispassionate character, occurs in last Saturday's cable from the *Evening Post's* financial correspondent. It is this:

"The importance of the Russian victory in Galicia, as the City sees it, lies in its possible foreshadowing of the collapse of Austria—which, with the fall of Constantinople, could hardly fail to serve towards shortening the war. Lombard Street opinion by no means agrees that actual financial exhaustion of Germany is on the cards. What is predicted in the usually most far-sighted financial quarters is, that both the military and the financial policies of Germany have amounted to the boldest sort of gambling on certain victory, and that therefore indications of actual invasion would have portentous financial results at Berlin."

OPINION IN THE DUTCH MARKET ON MILITARY STRENGTH AND ECONOMIC ENDURANCE.

AMSTERDAM, March 6.

It cannot be truly said that the neutral Dutch market—much as it may wish for returning peace, and gravely as its own financial and commercial interests are prejudiced by continued war—is looking for an early end of the great conflict. The feeling in experienced financial circles is that England cannot be beaten; that she could continue to fight indefinitely. But we also feel that strategically, at any rate, Germany will be able to hold out very long. Russia, too, is looked upon as capable of going on for any length of time. Her resources are ample to feed her population and her armies from one year's end to another; and, after all, the produce that sustains man and beast counts heavily in a struggle carried to the bitter end. As regards France, the same feeling does not apparently exist. While the gallantry of its troops is admired, its economic situation is unfavorably regarded.

Looking at the other side in the contest, Turkey's chances are not counted for much; and Austria, it is thought, would have asked long ago for terms, if it were not for Germany. It is Germany whose position, in the matter of endurance of the prolonged economic strain, is the question most discussed. As I have said, the strategic considerations, taken by themselves, do not point to anything like exhaustion. But what equally strikes us is the fact that Germany, so to speak, is consuming itself, in order to maintain its army and population. The process, it is true, is systematic and scientific; but at the same time it is continuous and very far-reaching.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under the new restrictions imposed by the Allies—which, by the way, carry far more weight in the councils of the neutral shipping world of Holland than did Germany's "war zone" declarations—the process of living in all senses on capital must apparently be emphasized. This will certainly happen if the interchange of commodities, still being carried on to a certain extent by Germany through neutral countries, were in future to be entirely stopped, so far as sea-borne trade is concerned. That would leave Germany, on the one hand, with large quantities of products of which it has a superfluity, and would deprive it, on the other, of fresh supplies of raw materials essential if production is to be kept going. The economic process can never be completely stopped; but it can be hampered to such an extent as seriously to affect the stability of the whole economic fabric.

It should be remembered that the whole of German industry has been built up with a view to working very largely for export, and that the great prosperity of Germany during the past few decades had assured to these industries a very large home market in addition. The question now is, whether or not the greater part of the capital placed in these undertakings will become unproductive through cessation of exports, and whether or not the purchasing power of the home community will decrease.

The views of Amsterdam financiers, in relation to this matter, have undoubtedly been influenced by the course of German exchange. The abnormal depreciation of the rate is watched with the deepest interest, and, if it were not for such considerations as I have referred to, the movement would be difficult to explain. It must be assumed that, under present conditions, the rate of exchange reflects the actual balance of payments.

This balance against Germany is not corrected through credits opened in its favor by any foreign bank or Government, such as England established for Russia. It is not impossible that private credits may have been granted, either through subscriptions by Germans abroad to the Berlin war loan, or in other ways; but, if so, there is only one market in a position to do it, and that is New York, the one community in the world where financial conditions appear to be as nearly as possible normal.

But this possibility would merely emphasize the conclusions from the depreciation in exchange. It must be remembered that the depreciation has occurred in the face, first, of substantial gold shipments from Germany to Holland; secondly, of large merchandise exports by Germany, especially to America and Italy, and, thirdly, of extensive sales by German holders of their foreign securities—chiefly American. Unless some powerful economic influence, or expectation of some new economic condition, is counteracting these factors, the continued fall of Berlin exchange in the face of these considerations would be unexplainable.

One significant aspect of the situation is that the only market where reichsmarks have of late displayed a certain degree of firmness and stability has been New York—which seems to point to the countervailing influences against depreciation as having been most effective at that centre. In normal times, the American rate would, of course, have been automatically brought into harmony with the German exchange at other centres; but at present, strange to say, it has been in New York from 1 to 2 per cent. above Amsterdam, without arbitrage being able or willing to remove the discrepancy.

What I have said of economic conditions looks to the longer future. As Amsterdam sees it, the first two months of the present year have not, so far at least as can be judged outwardly, brought any marked change, either in the strategic or the economic situation of the two groups of belligerent Powers. S. M.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Andrews, M. R. S., and Murray, R. I. August First. Scribner. $1 net.
Benson, R. H. Loneliness? Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Bowen, M. Prince and Heretic. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Canfield, D. Hillsboro People. Holt. $1.35 net.
Eaton, W. P. The Idyl of Twin Fires. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Elbow Lane. By the author of "Altogether Jane." Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Ford, S. Shorty McCabe on the Job. New York: E. J. Clode.
Froest, F. The Grell Mystery. New York: E. J. Clode. $1.25 net.
Gerould, K. F. The Great Tradition. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Heyking, Baroness von. Lovers in Exile. Dutton. $1.35 net.
MacMunn, G. F. A Freelance in Kashmir. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Pocock, R. The Cheerful Blackguard. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Service, R. W. The Pretender. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Villars, M. Betty-All-Alone. New York: E. J. Clode. $1.25 net.
Wilson, H. L. Ruggles of Red Gap. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bruckman, W. L. The Glory of Belgium. Doran. $5 net.
Dyer, W. A. Pierrot, Dog-of-Belgium. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Gehman, H. S. The Interpreters of Foreign Languages among the Ancients. Lancaster, Pa.: Intelligencer Printing Company.
Glidden, C. H. The Legend of Wonalanset. Boston: Newtowne Publishing Company. 35 cents net.
Goddard, P. E. Sarsi Texts. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press. Vol. II, No. 3.
Official Register of Harvard University. Vol. XII. Reports of the President and the Treasurer of Harvard College. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University.
Payson, W. F. Love Letters of a Divorced Couple. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Phillips, S. A. The Patriotic Societies of the U. S. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Publications of the Modern Language Association. Edited by W. G. Howard. Vol. XXX, No. 1. Published by the Society.
Selborne, J. The Thousand Secrets. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.
Stewart, M. Selections from Catullus. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Swinnerton, F. R. L. Stevenson: A Critical Study. Mitchell Kennerley.
Wright, J. D. What the Mother of a Deaf Child Ought to Know. Stokes. 75 cents net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Armstrong, R. C. Light from the East. Toronto, Canada: University Library.
Bridges, H. J. Criticisms of Life. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Getty, A. The Gods of Northern Buddhism. Oxford University Press.
Howard, M. Truly Stories from the Surely Bible. Concord, N. H.: Rumford Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bennett, H. C. American Women in Civic Work. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
DeWitt, B. P. The Progressive Movement. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Fairlie, J. A. A Report on Revenue and Finance Administration. State of Illinois.
Fairlie, J. A. Report of the Efficiency and Economy Committee. State of Illinois.
Gould, C. P. Money and Transportation in Maryland. 1720-1765. Series XXXIII, No. 1. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
MacKaye, J. The Happiness of Nations. B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.
Pepperman, W. Leon. Who Built the Panama Canal? Dutton. $2 net.
Public Schools and Women in Office Service. Studies in Economic Relations of Women. Vol. VII. Boston: Women's Educational and Industrial Union.
Reed, T. H. Government for the People. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Voorhees, H. C. The Law of Arrest. Second edition. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Ames, Franklin T. Between the Lines in France. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Anderson, D. R. William Branch Giles. Menasha, Wis.: Banta Pub. Co.
Anthonis, H. Les Réfugiés belges taxés par les Allemands. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 3d. net.
Bernhardi, F. von. Germany and England. Dillingham. 50 cents net.
Carter, W. H. The American Army. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.
Esary, L. History of Indiana. Indianapolis: W. K. Stewart Co.
Finley, J. The French in the Heart of America. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Hurgronje, C. S. The Holy War. "Made in Germany." Putnam. 75 cents net.
Landi, Countess Zanardi. The Secret of an Empress. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Little, F. D. Sketches in Poland. Stokes. $2.50 net.
Lowrie, D. My Life out of Prison. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
McGuire, J. K. The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom. Devin-Adair. $1.35 net.
Muir, J. Letters to a Friend. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Neeser, Robert W. Our Navy and the Next War. Scribner. $1 net.
Steinberg, J. In Those Days. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Supermania. Translated from the French of Raymond Colleye de Weerdt. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell. 2s. net.
Van Loon, H. W. The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Chittenden, H. M. The Yellowstone National Park. Cincinnati, O.: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.75 net.
Haviland, M. D. A Summer on the Yenesei. Longmans, Green. $3 net.
Ruxton, G. F. In the Old West. Outing Publishing Co. $1 net.
White, S. E. The Rediscovered Country. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

POETRY.

Dart, E. Earth with Her Bars. Longmans, Green. 40 cents net.
Maeterlinck, M. Poems. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Markham, E. The Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Thompson, V. Verses. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Annals of the Missouri Botanical Garden. Vol. I. St. Louis, Mo.: Botanical Garden.
Dewitz, Baron Hrolf von. War's New Weapons. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Klein, L'Abbé Félix. La Guerre vue d'une Ambulance. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Parsons, J. H. An Introduction to the Study of Color Vision. The Cambridge Psychological Library. Putnam. $3.75 net.
Pretlow, M. D. The Small Family Cook Book. McBride, Nast. 75 cents net.
Reed, C. A. The Bird Book. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.
Tracy, M., and Boyd, M. Painless Childbirth. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Underwood, N., and Sullivan, T. V. The Chemistry and Technology of Printing Inks. Van Nostrand. $3 net.
Verrill, A. H. Pets for Pleasure and Profit. Scribner. $1.50 net.
White, C. H. Methods in Metallurgical Analysis. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Hauptmann, G. Parsival. Macmillan. $1 net.
Sheldon, E. The Garden of Paradise. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

ART.

Kuhn, A. Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome. Part VIII. Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Cowles, H. C., and Coultier, J. G. A Spring Flora for High Schools. American Book Co.

Ready This Week

A uniform American Edition of

Robert Frost's notable poetry

NORTH OF BOSTON

12mo. $1.25 net.

A BOY'S WILL

12mo. 75 cents net.

"Mr. Frost has done truer work about New England than anybody—except Miss Wilkins."—*Alice Brown.*

Henry Holt and Co. 34 W. 33d St. NEW YORK

THE LIFE OF

THOMAS B. REED

By Samuel W. McCall

"Everyone should read it."—*Boston Transcript.*

At all bookstores. ***$3.00 net.***

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Have You Ordered Your Copy of the New

AMERICAN YEAR BOOK

The Standard Reference Work on American Affairs

D. Appleton & Company, Publishers, New York

Tabular Views of Universal History

by **George Palmer Putnam**

New Edition. Revised. 8°. $2.50.

A series of Chronological Tables Presenting in Parallel Columns a Record of the More Noteworthy Events in the History of the World from the Earliest Times down to the close of 1914. Together with an Index, Chart, and Map. An invaluable compilation for easy reference.

The Holy War

(Made in Germany)

by **C. Snouck Hurgronje**

Professor of Arabic in the University of Leiden.

12°. 75 cents.

This little volume deals with an interesting phase of the European War, namely, the proclamation of a "Holy War" by the Sheik-ul-Islam. The translation is by Prof. Joseph E. Gillet of the University of Wisconsin, and an interesting introduction is supplied by Prof. J. H. Gottheil of Columbia University.

ALL BOOKSELLERS

New York **G. P. Putnam's Sons** London

FOOTFALLS OF INDIAN HISTORY

By the SISTER NIVEDITA (Margaret E. Noble). With 6 Colored Plates and 22 other Illustrations. Extra Crown 8vo. $2.00 *net.*

This volume deals with the re-interpretation of the great ages of Indian History, in relation especially to the social and religious consciousness of the Indian people. It is fully illustrated and includes reproductions in color from water-colors by Abanindra Nath Tagore, the first of living Indian artists, and two other members of the notable school of painters which has grown up under his inspiration in Calcutta.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

How Belgium Saved Europe

"BY AN EYE-WITNESS"

Dr. Charles Sarolea, the Eminent Belgian Scholar

This epic story of Belgium's heroic defence against great odds by one who was there, explains many things, which you cannot learn from magazine or newspaper accounts. $1.00 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

"He is of the stuff that would have made a first-class American," once wrote a Yankee scribe. *Why?*

Read **THE REAL KAISER**

AN IMPARTIAL SKETCH.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

HALT!—

WHO GOES THERE?

You are confronted by Collier's Land and Sea Forces in the War Zone.

Frederick Palmer · Senator Beveridge · Perceval Gibbon
Will Irwin · Arthur Ruhl · Gelett Burgess · James Hopper
Stanley Washburn · Henry Reuterdahl · Henry Beach Needham

Collier's policy to-day—as during the Spanish-American, Russo-Jap and Balkan Wars, and the Mexican flurry—has been to cover every spot that could yield material of interest. Ask your newsdealer to reserve a copy for you each week.

5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

416 West 13th Street, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is the European War doing to YOU?

How will it affect YOUR country, YOUR business, YOUR family, YOUR future?

For the Answer,

HARPER'S WEEKLY

will publish in forthcoming issues a series entitled

The WAR and AMERICA

by a number of the country's foremost citizens.

PRESIDENT WILSON

will also deliver a message of importance to every American, in an early issue, unless unforeseen circumstances arise.

SEND THE COUPON

$1.30 worth of HARPER'S WEEKLY for $1.00

HARPER'S WEEKLY, N41
251 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.:

For this coupon and the enclosed $1.00 you may send me HARPER'S WEEKLY for the next three months (13 issues), containing the articles about the War and America.

Name.....

Address.....

Washington, D. C.
HOTEL GRAFTON

Your most pleasant recollection of Washington will be the delicious meals, comfortable accommodations and refined environment you found at

THE GRAFTON

TERMS (American Plan)

Single Room .....$3 per day, upward.
Double Room, free Public Bath, $6 to $8 per day; $35 to $50 per week, for two.
Double Room and Bath, for two, $8 to $12 per day; $50 to $70 per week.
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, for two, $12 to $18 per day; $70 to $100 per week.

HARRINGTON MILLS, Proprietor.

Summer Season, Saranac Inn
Upper Saranac Lake, Adirondacks
HARRINGTON MILLS, Manager.

The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. You need the best guide in existence and that undoubtedly you will find every month in the

Educational Directory
of
Harper's Magazine

for it is in Harper's Magazine that you find the announcements of more private and preparatory schools and colleges than in any other publication—the widest, the best, and the most dependable selection.

Would you not like to have your own child go to school with children whose parents read Harper's Magazine?

POLITICAL ECONOMY
By CHARLES GIDE
Professor of Social Economics in the Faculty of Law in the University of Paris.

This is an authorized translation from the third edition (1913) of Gide's *Cours d'Economie Politique*. Cloth. Royal octavo, xii + 762 pages. $3.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Lists of publications in sciences, philosophy, philology, history, economics, will be sent upon request.

The University of California Press
BERKELEY, CAL.

These are eventful, soul-stirring days.
Read History now, while it is in the making.
Later on you won't have the time.

The New York Times

CURRENT HISTORY

presents in attractive and permanent form the vital war literature of the day. It speaks with the voices of the men who stand at the centre of events. How many of these voices have you heard? These utterances comprise the most important contributions to current war literature, and are not found assembled in any other publication.

Joseph H. Choate, former Ambassador to Great Britain, writes:

"The New York Times is rendering an inestimable service to all future historians and to the world by the wonderful compilation which, under the title of 'Current History of the European War,' it is publishing of the contemporaneous utterances of the great personages involved concerning its cause and progress. Each nation here speaks for itself by its own authorized spokesmen, and the reader who desires to make up his mind on the merits of any question involved can do so after hearing the best that can be said by every party to the conflict. I regard the collection as simply invaluable."

Subscriptions may begin with any number except the first, which is out of print. The price is 25c. a copy for current or back numbers; one year (12 numbers), $3.00.

The New York Times
CURRENT HISTORY
Times Square New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED